JURASSIC PARK: THE LOST WORLD

screenplay by

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based on the novel by

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I have wrought my simple plan
  If I give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man,
  Or the man who's half a boy.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
"The Lost World"

1 EXT OPEN SEA NIGHT 1

A flock of pelicans glides through the night sky, primitive silhouettes against a full moon. They fly through a ribbon of diesel smoke that rises from the stack of a Japanese fishing boat, a 19-ton trawler.

Six Japanese FISHERMEN, knee deep in mackerel, pull hard on a series of ropes on the starboard side of the boat, helping out the boat's gas powered crane as it raises a net from the water. The net breaks the surface with a full purse, thousands of squirming fish that glisten in the moonlight.

The Fishermen exult, CRYING OUT excitedly in Japanese.

The CAPTAIN turns to the port side of the boat, where half a dozen other Fishermen have just pulled a nearly empty net from their waters. The Captain berates them and orders the net back into the sea. They yank the ropes from the cleats, sending them spinning through pulleys as the net drops back into the water.

2 UNDER THE BOAT, 2

the net sinks slowly into the lower depths. The deeper it goes, the darker it gets, until we can barely see a huge, dark shape, floating forward, toward the net.

3 BACK ON THE BOAT, 3

all fourteen lines on the port net suddenly SNAP taut. Up in the crane booth, the CRANE OPERATOR slams the throttle down. The crane engine ROARS, the ropes SING with tension, and now the entire boat GROANS and lists over to port, one whole chine rising up out of the ocean.

The Captain SCREAMS out commands. A bank of lights up on the mast switches on and swings around to illuminate the patch of ocean into which the net is sunk.

The crane motor really WHINES now, it's pulling as hard as it can, but whatever's in the net is unbelievably heavy, fighting like hell, and the crane is actually pulling the boat over.

Waves break onto the deck, which is now at a steep angle. Fishermen slip and slide on the slick planks, tumbling, SHOUTING, half a dozen of them tossed right into the ocean.

4 IN THE WATER, 4

a fisherman, tangled in the net lines, SCREAMS for help and hands reach out to him. He kicks and thrashes and he actually starts to *rise up*, out of the water. The crane has finally done its work, and is hauling a *shape* up from the depths, from under him.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

The Fisherman SCREAMS again, as he's now riding the shape as it breaks the surface of the ocean.

It's a dead animal, and what an animal it must have been, twenty feet long, at least four or five tons. Its green pebbled flesh is still intact except for a few red gashes where sharks have had at it.

The ropes spin in their pulleys now, and the giant, dead animal seems to GROAN and roll over, revealing the enormous, unmistakeable head --

-- of a dinosaur.

The Fisherman leaps off it and splashes into the water with the others who were tossed overboard, SCREAMING at the top of their lungs.

SNAP! One of the net lines breaks and WHISTLES out of its pulley as the enormous weight of the beast breaks the surface. The Crane Operator scrambles frantically inside his booth, looking for something.

SNAP! SNAP! Two more net lines break, whipping like snakes, lashing a Fisherman's face, then SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! They're all going now.

The Crane Operator finds what he was looking for, a camera, and points it down at the water --

-- the remaining lines SNAP, one after the other --

-- the Crane Operator CLICKS off two quick pictures --

-- and the entire net heaves itself back into the sea. The starboard side of the boat CRASHES down with a tremendous splash as the shape vanishes into the deep.

CUT TO:

5 INT OFFICE COMPLEX DAY 5

CLOSE ON two eight by ten black and white photographs, the ones taken by the Crane Operator from the mast of the fishing trawler. In the photographs, the huge animal is clearly visible, suspended in the fishing net.

A harried TECHNICIAN, like a Microsoft drone, hurries down the hallway of a modern office building, clutching the photos at his side. A legend:

InGen Corporate Headquarters
twenty-seven hours later

The Technician reaches a locked door marked "AUTHORIZED ACCESS ONLY" and runs a key-card through a scanner. The door BUZZES and he shoves it open.

6 INT CONFERENCE ROOM DAY 6

The TECHNICIAN hands the eight by tens across a conference table to PETER LUDLOW, fortyish, a man with the anxious look of someone on whose desk the buck stops. Ludlow studies them intently.

The conference room is littered with photographs, maps, computer printouts, and half a dozen STAFFERS who have all stopped what they're doing to study Ludlow's reaction to the photographs.

Finally, he looks up.

LUDLOW
Eureka.

Whatever this news was, everyone in the room has been waiting for it a long time and they all begin talking at once, excitedly. Ludlow passes the photographs to a WOMAN at a computer terminal as he crosses the room. She puts them face down on a scanner, which activates, a searing white light reading the photos.

Ludlow crosses the room to a large map on the far wall. TWO MORE STAFFERS at the map are tracing a complicated series of S-shaped lines in the ocean off the coast of South America.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
If she verifies, where am I going?

STAFFER
Until they can run a necrology on a flesh sample, we can only guess at the amount of time it spent in the water --

LUDLOW
Where am I going, Rick?

STAFFER
Prevailing winds move the surface waters away from the continents in this area, which means it would have been pulled into the northern equatorial counter-current --

Over at the scanner, the image of the partially decomposed dinosaur now appears on a computer screen, where a program fills in the missing legs and chunks of flesh.

STAFFER (cont'd)
So we're looking at origin, within fifty miles or so, in roughly this area --

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

The computer is now sorting through different dinsoaur shapes, flashing past them quickly, looking for a match. It locks on one, lining up the image of the reconstituted dinsoaur with a photograph and biological ID of a living one. The Woman at the computer calls out.

WOMAN
Carinthosaurus version 3.09, nine
units generated March-October '89,
four reached maturity.

On the map, the Staffer circles an area in the open sea that is dotted here and there with islands.

STAFFER
Six hundred and twenty-five miles
south/southwest of Costa Rica.

Ludlow looks at that section of the map.

LUDLOW
Smart. Far enough away that no one
would find it; close enough that he
could transport them in a day.

He turns and looks at HOWARD PRINCE, sixtyish, the only one in the room in a suit and tie, who sits at the conference table.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
It's no figment of my imagination,
Howard. The old man lied to us.

HOWARD
Why would he?

LUDLOW
Who knows? But we've got him now,
this isn't some rumors of
construction workers paid in cash,
it's not some destroyed computer
files, this is hard physical
evidence.

He waves the photographs.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Site B exists. We're going there.

HOWARD
You know what his feelings would be
about that.

LUDLOW

Yeah, and I also know what malfeasance is. And bankruptcy. Jurassic Park was a financial sinkhole, do you have the faintest idea how much money we lost on that pipe dream? Four years in Chapter 11 is enough for me. This company has a significant asset which the CEO has chosen to hide from the rest of the firm. Well, we found it. We are going to harvest the product and display it for profit.

He reaches out to a model on the table and gives it a shove, sending it sliding down the length of the table in front of Howard. When it stops, we see it's a mini-mall version of a zoo. Cages hold tiny replicas of various kinds of dinosaurs, little troops of Boy Scouts and Tourists look on in wonder.

LUDLOW (cont'd)

It's a good idea, Howard. It's a profitable idea. And it's our God damn job.

HOWARD

He'll object. Vehemently.

LUDLOW

Let him. He's in no condition to be involved.

CUT TO:

7 INT SUBWAY TRAIN NIGHT 7

Light strobes through the windows of a nearly empty subway car as it RATTLES through a tunnel under Manhattan. A man sits in the middle of the car, reading a newspaper. He glances up as he turns the page and does a double take, staring toward the back of the car.

He stares. Then looks away. Then stares again.

We move back, toward the object of his attention. Moving to the rear, we find someone's long leg, clad in black trousers, propped up on the seat across from him. A cane dangles from the hand strap above him, and the owner of the leg sits in the last row of the car.

It's IAN MALCOLM, tall, fortyish, dressed in black from head to toe. There's a hard wisdom in Malcolm's eyes that may not have been there a few years ago -- he knows what you think, and he doesn't care.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

The man at the front of the car (HOLDEN BENJAMIN) continues to stare at him. Malcolm glances over, locking eyes briefly, then looking away. Too late. Benjamin gets up and walks towards him.

MALCOLM
(mutters)
Shit.

BENJAMIN
Dr. Malcolm, right? Ian Malcolm?

Malcolm just GRUNTS. Benjamin extends his hand.

BENJAMIN (cont'd)
Holden Benjamin. I write for Scientific American.

Still nothing from Malcolm. Benjamin sits, uninvited, forcing Malcolm to move his leg. He just stares at Malcolm for a long moment, as the train CLATTERS and bumps along.

BENJAMIN (cont'd)
I believed you, you know. That business a few years ago.

MALCOLM
I'm sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Benjamin, but on that particular matter, I was misquoted. I was merely speculating on the evolutionary scenario of a Lost World as it might apply to dinosaurs. I never said I was in any such place.

BENJAMIN
Sorry to differ, Dr., but you did say you were there. It was the others that denied it. Later you gave up and changed your story.

MALCOLM
Is that what you heard?

BENJAMIN
I heard you, and Alan Grant, and several others were there, but something awful happened and everyone was paid to keep quiet, their research funded, something like that. These are the rumors that keep floating around.

7 CONTINUED: 2 7

MALCOLM
Are you familiar with the concept of a techno-myth? It was developed by Geller at Princeton. The basic idea is that we've lost all the old myths, Orpheus and Eurydice and Perseus and Medusa. So we fill the gap with modern techno-myths. One is that an alien's living at a hangar at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Another is that somebody invented a carburetor that gets a hundred and fifty miles to the gallon, but the automobile companies bought the patent and are sitting on it. That in Istanbul there's a tenth-century drawing that shows the earth from space.

BENJAMIN
And that a genetics company owned by John Hammond engineered living dinosaurs on an island in the Pacific.

MALCOLM
It's a campfire story, Mr. Benjamin. Don't be so credulous.

The train pulls to a stop and Malcolm gets up. He snatches his cane off the strap and leans on it to support his damaged left leg.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
There are those who would use it to humiliate you.

BENJAMIN
Like they did you? You lost your tenure, your reputation -- how can you let Hammond get away with it?

MALCOLM
I've never met John Hammond in my life.

CUT TO:

8 INT JOHN HAMMOND'S APARTMENT NIGHT 8

MALCOLM stands in the foyer of a lavishly appointed apartment, a UNIFORMED BUTLER in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

BUTLER
Whom shall I tell Mr. Hammond is calling?

MALCOLM
Ian Malcolm.

A door opens and a little dog comes YAPPING out of the back. It bounds straight at Malcolm, GROWLING, jaws SNAPPING. It lunges --

-- and Malcolm BATS it away with one swift swing of his cane. The dog rolls across the floor and slinks away, WHINING. The Butler looks at Malcolm harshly.

BUTLER
Not an animal lover?

MALCOLM
Not really.

9 INT HAMMOND'S BEDROOM NIGHT 9

MALCOLM enters a darkened bedroom. JOHN HAMMOND, now well into his seventies and terribly infirmed, lies in a bed on the other side of the room. Medical equipment has been brought into the room, disguised as well as possible among the furniture and flowers, but the sheer abundance of it tells us that whatever has stricken him is going to win this battle.

Hammond spots Malcolm and breaks into an enormous smile. None of the fire is gone from his eyes, but his voice is strained and tired.

HAMMOND
Ian! Don't linger in the doorway like an ingenue, come in, come in!

Malcolm steps further into the room.

HAMMOND (cont'd)
It's good to see you, it really is. How's the leg?

MALCOLM
Resentful.

HAMMOND
When you have a lot of time to think, it's funny who you remember. It's the people who challenged you. It is the quality of our opponents that gives our accomplishments meaning.
(MORE)

9 CONTINUED: 9

HAMMOND (cont'd)
I never told you how sorry I was about what happened after we returned. The coverup. The lies and distortions. I didn't want it that way. It wasn't me.

MALCOLM
Why did you want to see me, John? Your message said it was urgent.

HAMMOND
We still know so little about those creatures. The most basic facts of their lives. A whole world of intricate, interlocking behaviors, completely vanished now. An entire ecology wiped clean from the face of the earth.

MALCOLM
I'm sorry you're not well. I'm glad I had a chance to see you again.

He turns to go.

HAMMOND
Except for Site B.

Malcolm stops.

HAMMOND (cont'd)
Well? Didn't it all seem a trifle compact to you?

MALCOLM
What are you talking about?

HAMMOND
The hatchery, in particular? You know my initial yields had to be low, far less than one percent, that's a thousand embryos for every single live birth -- where do you think we engineered that?

MALCOLM
Mr. Hammond. Please.

HAMMOND
Think, genetic engineering on that scale implies a giant operation, not the spotless little laboratory I showed you.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
I don't believe you.

HAMMOND
Isla Nublar was just a showcase, something for the tourists, Site B was the industrial heart. The hurricane tore it apart and we had to evacuate. It seemed a disaster at the time, but now I think it was a blessing. Those animals are still there. They have to be.

MALCOLM
Why are you telling me this?

HAMMOND
I want you to document them. Before they're gone. This is mankind's one and only chance to solve the greatest mystery of the dinosaurs -- their behavior. Did they create a social structure, did they care for their young, did they parent? You can make a living fossil record, it's an unprecedented opportunity, the work of a lifetime for a scientist.

MALCOLM
Why me?

HAMMOND
Because, Ian --

He raises an arm, showing the IV tubes stuck into it.

HAMMOND (cont'd)
-- I can't. And if I asked anyone else, they'd think me a delusional old fool. Only you know the truth. I'll fund your expedition through my personal accounts, as much money and equipment as you need, but only if you leave immediately. Don't contact InGen, I'm not in control of the corporation anymore. Just find the right people, people you trust, and get there, before-

MALCOLM
Before what?

Hammond is looking over Malcolm's shoulder. Malcolm turns. PETER LUDLOW, still in his overcoat, is standing in the doorway to the bedroom.

9 CONTINUED: 3 9

He looks back and forth from Hammond to Malcolm suspiciously.

LUDLOW
Hi.

HAMMOND
(stiffly)
Hello, Peter.

LUDLOW
(to Hammond)
Brought a few more things for you to sign. When you have a minute.

HAMMOND
We're in the middle of something.

MALCOLM
No, we're not.

Hammond looks up at Malcolm and lowers his voice.

HAMMOND
You don't think it exists?

MALCOLM
I think you wish it did, John.

Hammond grabs Malcolm's hand and uses it to pull him down, close to him. He whispers two words in his ear:

HAMMOND
Isla Sorna.

CUT TO:

10 INT HAMMOND'S APARTMENT/FOYER NIGHT 10

LUDLOW hands MALCOLM his coat, just a trifle rudely, and shepherds him to the door. Ludlow chews his lip, desperate to know what went on between Malcolm and Hammond.

LUDLOW
I'm sorry if my uncle wasted your time, Dr. Malcolm. He's been sending for the strangest people lately. So, just, uh -- telling old ghost stories, were you?

Malcolm turns and looks at him.

MALCOLM

Mr. Ludlow, don't ever pretend for a second that you and I don't know the truth. You can convince _Time_ magazine and the _Skeptical Inquirer_ of whatever you want, but I'm not some gullible journalist you can fool by flying to the wrong island. I was _there_.

Ludlow tosses something to Malcolm, hard. It sails across the foyer, upright, and Malcolm reaches out and catches it with one hand. It's his cane.

LUDLOW

Don't forget that.

CUT TO:

11 INT MALCOLM'S APARTMENT NIGHT 11

The continents glide by, blurring together, as a globe spins before us. IAN MALCOLM, tired, lies on the couch in his apartment, a small, ill-kept one bedroom in lower Manhattan, most of it given over to work.

He puts out a finger to stop the globe, jabbing it right into the heart of South America. His finger wanders northward, finding Costa Rica.

AT THE DESK,

an atlas THUNKS down on the desktop. Malcolm, on his feet now, flicks the pages until he finds what he's looking for.

Costa Rica. His finger moves westward, out into the Pacific Ocean. There are dozens of islands out here, but Malcolm's eyes fall on one chain in particular, a semi-circle of five islands.

Matanceros. Muerte. Tacano. Pena.

And the fifth name -- "Isla Sorna." But there's more than just the individual island names written in the book, there's a bold legend underneath the whole island chain.

"The Five Deaths," it says.

Malcolm SLAMS the book shut.

12 INT KITCHEN NIGHT 12

Ice cubes CRACK and SPLIT as scotch tumbles over them. MALCOLM pours himself a stiff drink.

CUT TO:

13 INT MALCOLM'S APARTMENT DAY 13

Light floods into the apartment suddenly as the blinds WHOOSH open. MALCOLM, asleep on the sofa in last night's clothes, recoils at the light and squints up at a figure standing over him. KELLY CURTIS, twelve, African American, is staring down at him, hands on her hips. She's dressed in workout clothes, her hair streaked with sweat.

KELLY
We were supposed to have a lesson two and a half hours ago.

MALCOLM
(rolling over)
Not today.

She notices the coffee table, which has an empty glass and a nearly-empty bottle of scotch on it.

KELLY
Did you get drunk last night?

MALCOLM
No more than absolutely necessary.

KELLY
I forgive you. Thanks for the A on my paper on non-linear equations.

MALCOLM
Don't thank people just because they admit you're right.

KELLY
(fishing)
So you thought it was good?

MALCOLM
(imitating her)
Yes, I thought it was good. Is there any coffee?

KELLY
I'm your student, not your cook. You shouldn't drink so much coffee. And get more exercise. Come to gymnastics with me, I'll show you how to do --

She dives straight at him, planting her arms on the back side of the couch, and does a neat flip over, landing lightly on her feet on the floor in back of him.

KELLY (cont'd)
-- that.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
I don't want to do that.

She's at his desk now, and has noticed a note pad there.

KELLY
What's "Isla Sorna?"

MALCOLM
A dying man's fantasy. Stay away from my desk, will you please?

KELLY
John Hammond's fantasy?

Malcolm looks at her sharply.

KELLY (cont'd)
That's who you went to see yesterday, isn't it? It was in your date book.

MALCOLM
No wonder your teachers dumped you on me. A voracious intellect is a wonderful thing, Kelly, until it gets your legs broken.

He swings his bad left leg onto the floor.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Believe me.

KELLY
How come you never talk about -- any of that?

Malcolm gets up and goes to the desk, towering over her. He takes the pad from her, puts it in a drawer, and closes it.

MALCOLM
The thing I like about you is you've never brought up that particular issue before. Don't blow it now.

KELLY
It's true, isn't it?

MALCOLM
No. It's not.

KELLY
That's not what you said a couple years ago. I went to the library and pulled the microfilm, you said --

13 CONTINUED: 2 13

MALCOLM

I was crazy. Everybody said so.

KELLY

Bullshit.

MALCOLM

Watch your mouth.

KELLY

You're not crazy. And if I were you and everybody said I was, instead of getting drunk and feeling sorry for myself, I'd want to go out and prove them wrong.

Malcolm just looks at her.

CUT TO:

14 INT MALCOLM'S APARTMENT DAY 14

With a CRINKLY WHOOSH, a huge black and white satellite photograph slides over the atlas, replacing the primitive map with an extremely detailed aerial rendering. It's daytime now, and MALCOLM leans over the photo, studying it. He's engaged, his intrigue increasing.

MALCOLM

(comparing something)

Read the margin on that one.

KELLY is at the coffee table, where she's laying out another half dozen photographs.

KELLY

"Sigma data Landsat/Nordsat mixed spectra VSFR/FASLR/IFFVR." And then a bunch of numbers.

MALCOLM

Those are pass dates.

KELLY

From when the satellite went over?

MALCOLM

Look for the words "broadband thermal VR" Pull any that say that on the edge.

She starts searching through the stack, checking the edges quickly.

KELLY

Here's one! No, two!

15 LATER, 15

another satellite photograph WHOOSHES up on the wall of Malcolm's apartment and Kelly POUNDS a nail into each corner of it, pinning it there.

Malcolm flips back and forth between the new photograph and several others pinned up underneath it, comparing. He has a thick black marker in his hand and is circling specific areas heavily, areas that are dotted with numerous dark spots.

MALCOLM
The shaded areas are heat sources -- see, they overlap in every flyby. Those are infrared signatures.

KELLY
Of what?

MALCOLM
Animals. Very, very large animals.

KELLY
What does it mean?

He stares out the window, excited and terrified.

MALCOLM
It means the truth has another shot.

KELLY
What?

He turns, sweeps up his coat and cane, and marches for the door.

MALCOLM
And John Hammond is going to spend some money.

KELLY
Where are you going?!

MALCOLM
To find a satellite phone!

She races out after him, past a tall wooden model of a Tyrannosaurus rex that stands on a bookcase next to the door. A hand-printed cardboard sign hung insolently around the animal's neck says "WILL KILL FOR FOOD." The rex's jaws are wide open, poised for eternity in that grotesque smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT MOMBASSA BAR DAY 16

Those wide-open Tyrannosaur jaws linger on the screen, dissolving slowly over the image of a man -- ROLAND TEMBO, late sixties, skin like leather and the diamond hard look of a cobra. Roland sits at a table in the middle of an African cafe/bar in Mombassa.

It's daytime and the place is half full, mostly with locals, but there are a few obnoxious TOURISTS too, Americans on safari who somehow found the local hangout.

They're a noisy bunch, but Roland tunes them out, calmly eating his lunch and drinking a beer while he reads a book, eyeglasses hanging low on his nose.

Roland suddenly stops reading and furrows his brow. He looks up. He SNIFFS the air once, then smiles and calls out a person's name.

ROLAND
Ajay?

He turns around. AJAY (AH-jay) SIDHU, a wiry East Indian in his late forties, is standing behind him, caught trying to sneak up.

AJAY
(delighted)
How did you know?

ROLAND
(taps his nose)
That cheap aftershave I send you every Christmas, you actually wear it. I'm touched. Sit down, sit down, what brings you to Mombassa?

AJAY
You. Tell me, Roland, when was the last time you answered your phone?

ROLAND
Last time I plugged it in, I suppose. Why?

Behind them, the group of TOURISTS, all men, laughs loudly. One of them, the MOST OBNOXIOUS TOURIST, berates the WAITRESS.

AJAY
I got a call from a gentleman who's going to Costa Rica, or thereabouts. If he's to be believed, it's a most, uh, unique expedition. And very well-funded.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

ROLAND
Well, I'm a very well-funded old son of a bitch. You go.

The Most Obnoxious Tourist bellows for the Waitress. His buddies LAUGH. Roland throws a glance, annoyed.

AJAY
We always had great success together, you and I.

ROLAND
Just a little bit too much, I think.

AJAY
How do you mean?

ROLAND
A true hunter doesn't mind if the animal wins. If it escapes. But there weren't enough escapes from you and me, Ajay. I think I've decided to spend a bit less time in the company of death.

The Waitress comes to the Tourists' table and the Most Obnoxious Tourist actually paws her ass. Roland notices, and is out of his chair in a second.

ROLAND (cont'd)
(to Ajay)
Excuse me.

Roland walks over to the Tourists' table, says something to the Waitress in the local dialect, and she walks away, behind him. He stares down at the Most Obnoxious Tourist.

TOURIST
What do you want?

ROLAND
You, sir -- are no gentleman.

TOURIST
(thinks)
Is that supposed to be an insult?

ROLAND
I can think of none greater.

The Tourist looks at his Buddies and laughs.

TOURIST
Buzz off, you silly old bastard.

16 CONTINUED: 2 16

ROLAND
What do I have to do to pick a fight with you, bring your mother into it?

TOURIST
A fight? Are you kidding? I could take you with one arm tied down.

ROLAND
Really?

17 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR, 17

the WAITER finishes tying a man's wrist to his belt in the back of his pants with a napkin. He pulls the knot tight and the man turns around.

It's ROLAND, with his arm tied down. The TOURIST, standing across from him in a cleared space in the middle of the floor, both arms free, rolls his eyes.

TOURIST
I meant my arm.

POW! Roland punches him square in the jaw. The Tourist reels, stunned, holding his jaw. Enraged, he lunges at Roland, swinging with both arms.

Roland bobs, neatly ducking the punches, waits for the Tourist to turn around, and POPS him thrice in the face. The Tourist spins and goes down to the floor, face first. A cloud of sawdust and a loud CHEER from the locals rise up in the bar.

18 BACK AT HIS TABLE, 18

Roland drops the napkin on the table and sits back down with Ajay. In the background, the Tourist's Buddies hurriedly carry their fallen cohort out of the bar.

ROLAND
Sorry. We were saying?

AJAY
You broke his jaw for no reason other than your boredom. Tell the truth, Roland. Aren't you even interested in knowing this expedition's quarry?

ROLAND
Ajay. Go on up to my ranch, take a look around the trophy room, and tell me what kind of quarry you think could possibly be of any interest to me.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Ajay just smiles.

CUT TO:

19 EXT AFRICAN SAVANNAH NIGHT 19

The African savannah appears in shades of fluorescent green, seen through night-vision goggles. An ANIMAL YELP comes from the left and the green vista sweeps abruptly toward it. The world blurs momentarily, then comes into focus on a field of long grass.

The grass ripples in a complex pattern as animals move stealthily through it. One animal head pops up above the grass for a split-second, teeth bared, a white stripe between its eyes. SARAH HARDING pulls the goggles away from her face.

SARAH
Hyenas. F1, with the striped snout.

Sarah is around thirty, with a compact, athletic body built for the outdoors. She looks through the goggles again, sweeping ahead of the hyenas to their prey. It's a herd of African buffalo, standing belly-deep in the grass, agitated, bellowing and stamping their feet.

Sarah turns to MAKENA, her African assistant.

SARAH (cont'd)
They'll try to take down a calf.
Come on.

MAKENA
Closer?

Sarah doesn't answer, just scurries up and over a rock face. Makena follows. Closer now, they watch as the hyenas rush the herd, running through it, trying to break it up.

Sarah raises a pocket recorder to her mouth and dictates notes breathlessly, recording the attack.

SARAH
F1 south, F2 and F5 flanking, twenty yards. F3 center. F6 circling wide east. Can't see F7.

While she talks, breathless, fascinated by the drama before her, Sarah continues to creep closer and closer to the action. Makena follows, with growing unease.

MAKENA
Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
F8 circling north. F1 straight through, disrupting. Herd moving, stamping. There's F7. Straight through. F8 angling through from the north.

She's practically on top of the animals now.

MAKENA
Dr. Harding.

Makena has a hold of Sarah's sweatshirt and is tugging her back, at least trying to slow down her progress as Sarah, wide-eyed with fascination, creeps ever closer.

Suddenly there is a tremendous BELLOWING and the grass right in front of them rips apart, trampled under the feet of the hyenas as they cluster around a fallen buffalo calf. They yelp and jump, their muzzles bloody.

The adults move aside, making room as the hyena pups come forward, squealing to get at the kill. Sarah's eyes shine with excitement and she moves even closer, whispering into the tape recorder.

SARAH
Brooding behavior in evidence at the kill site, pups are ushered forward by --

A telephone rings.

Sarah stops in mid-sentence, unsure if she heard what she thought she heard. It rings again, the unmistakeable CHIRPING of a cellular phone. Sarah and Makena both move at once, pawing at a backpack.

SARAH (cont'd)
(a frantic whisper)
I thought you turned it off!

Now two of the hyenas turn and look inquisitively in the direction of the phone. Sarah finally comes up with it and jabs at a button in irritation.

SARAH (cont'd)
Yes?!

Someone speaks on the other end. Sarah rolls her eyes.

SARAH (cont'd)
Ian. This better be important.

Sarah doesn't say anything for a long moment, just listens as the voice on the other end talks. And talks.

SARAH (cont'd)
When?

CUT TO:

20 INT MOBILE FIELD SYSTEMS DAY 20

Ian Malcolm's leg, badly scarred, is bared and draped over the end of a bench. Two sandbags are fastened to his ankle and MALCOLM is lifting them, painfully rehabbing his injury while talking on a satellite phone.

MALCOLM
We leave in three days. Five member team.

Behind him, the SPARKS of an acetylene torch fly as WORKMEN make modifications on several vehicles. A dark-green Mercedes Benz AAV (all-activity vehicle) has its roof cut open; two WORKMEN stand on ladders, fitting a large flat panel of black solar cells over the top. The hood of the AAV is up and the V-6 engine has been pulled out; a new, smaller engine is lowered in its place.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Eddie Carr's handling all our equipment and he'll be there to maintain it. He's designing special field trailers now, top of the line mobile research units.

EDDIE CARR, a barrel-chested man of fifty-five, is barking out orders to the Workmen. Except for the wire framed glasses, Eddie looks like he might be a retired prizefighter.

EDDIE
No, no, look at the plans, Henry, you can't place that strut laterally, it has to be crosswise, LOOK AT THE PLANS!

MALCOLM
(still into phone)
We'll need an animal behaviorist, that's you, and someone for scrupulous video documentation, someone with wildlife and combat experience. I want Nick van Owen, from Greenpeace.

He gets up and follows Eddie to the trailers they're working on, the mobile field research units.

There are two of them, connected by an accordion-like passageway, like on a subway car, allowing one to be towed behind the other.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
And a paleontologist to make and record classifications. I want one bone man, we can't spend all our time arguing over what we're looking at.

KELLY CURTIS, who trails just behind Malcolm, nudges Eddie.

KELLY
Who's he talking to?

EDDIE
Sarah Harding, I think.

KELLY
Sarah Harding? Sarah Harding is going too?!

MALCOLM
(into phone)
I know you think I'm crazy, Sarah. But if you'll give me the benefit of the doubt for three days, you won't regret it.

From the ceiling, a large metal cage CRASHES down, landing next to them on the floor with a deafening CLANG. They leap back and look up. A WORKMAN waves from a scaffolding.

WORKMAN
Sorry, Eddie! Specs say it can't deform at 12,000 PSI, we had to test it!

Eddie bends down to inspect the cage, which is rectangular, constructed of inch-thick titanium-alloy bars. Malcolm hangs up the phone.

MALCOLM
Any damage?

EDDIE
Minimal.

MALCOLM
"Minimal" is too much, Eddie. It has to be light, it has to be strong --

20 CONTINUED: 2 20

EDDIE
Light and strong, light and strong,
sure, why not, it's only impossible.
God save me from academics.

KELLY
I thought you were an academic.

EDDIE
Former academic. Now I actually make
things. I don't just talk.

He gets up and walks away. Kelly turns to Malcolm, her eyes wide with anticipation. He knows what she's thinking before she says it.

MALCOLM
Absolutely not.

KELLY
You wouldn't even be going if it
wasn't for me!

MALCOLM
Forget it, Kelly, I told you before.
It's too dangerous.

KELLY
Can't you please just please --

MALCOLM
No I please cannot please. You're
acting like a fifteen year old.

He follows Eddie across the garage.

KELLY
(flattered, she's only
twelve)
Thanks!

Left alone, she circles around the trailers and looks up at the windows. They're all made of tempered glass, fine wire mesh inside it. She looks around, to see if anybody's watching. They're not, so she quickly slips inside the front trailer.

21 INT TRAILER DAY 21

Inside, the trailer is a miracle of planning and design. It's divided into sections, for different laboratory functions. The main area is a biological lab, with specimen trays, dissecting pans, and microscopes that connect to video monitors.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

Next to it there's an extensive computer section, a bank of processors, and a communications section. All the lab equipment is miniaturized and built into small tables that slide into the walls. Everything is bolted down.

Set in the wall is a small bookshelf, the books held in place with a Velcro strap. She scans the titles -- "Modeling Adaptive Biological Systems," "Vertebrate Behavioral Dynamics," "Adaptation in Natural and Artificial Systems."

One more catches her eye. "Dinosaurs of North America."

KELLY
It's true. It's really true.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 EXT DOCK IN COSTA RICA DAY 22

Two big barges BANG against a shipping dock along the Costa Rican shoreline. The AAV, trailers, and a jeep have been loaded onto the barges and are in the process of being covered with tarps by DOCKWORKERS. A smaller, speedier boat is in front of the barges, its CAPTAIN shouting orders in Spanish.

MALCOLM stares out at the choppy seas. Next to him, DR. EMIL JUTTSON, fiftyish, is burdened with four or five shoulder bags, crammed to capacity. He's slathering his pink body with suntan lotion.

JUTTSON
Those seas look a bit rough, Dr. Malcolm. Couldn't we just airlift in?

MALCOLM
Dr. Harding insisted we go by sea. Helicopters are too disruptive.

ACROSS THE DOCK,

NICK VAN OWEN, a rugged, handsome American in his mid-thirties who's sitting amid a pile of video cameras and other photographic equipment, lights a match and raises it to a cigarette in his mouth.

SARAH HARDING, dressed in field gear, steps in and blows it out.

SARAH
No smoking. We leave no scent of any kind. No hair tonics, no cologne, keep all the food sealed tightly in the plastic bags.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (cont'd)
We're going in there to observe and document, not interact.

Nick pulls out a chunk of bubblegum and tosses that in his mouth instead. The loud RACK of a shotgun being pumped startles Sarah. She turns.

EDDIE CARR smacks a metal case down on the dock and flips a couple latches. He opens it, revealing a heavy silver rifle, an aluminum canister hanging beneath the barrel. Malcolm looks over Eddie's shoulder.

EDDIE
Lindstradt air rifle. Fires a subsonic Fluger impact-delivery dart containing whatever compound you want.

He cracks open the cartridge bank, revealing a row of plastic containers filled with straw-colored liquid. Each is tipped with a three inch needle. There is a bright yellow warning tag on the inside of the casing -- "EXTREME DANGER! LETHAL TOXICITY!"

EDDIE (cont'd)
We loaded the enhanced venom of Conus purpurascens, the South Sea cone shell. Most powerful neurotoxin in the world. Acts within a two-thousandth of a second. Faster than the nerve-conduction velocity. The animal's down before it feels the prick of the dart.

MALCOLM
Is there an antidote?

EDDIE
Like if you shoot yourself in the foot? Wouldn't matter. You'd be dead before you realized you pulled the trigger.

AT THE BARGES,

a row of metal cylinders, about seven feet long and three feet across, with bars in the front section, are being carried down the gangplank. Nick notices and looks at Sarah.

NICK
Bringing our own coffins?

22 CONTINUED: 2 22

SARAH
Safety containers. In case a carnivore gets curious about you.

NICK
Call it whatever you want. I know a pine box when I see one.

Malcolm steps up and speaks to the group.

MALCOLM
Listen, everyone. When I told you all why we were coming, I know you may have concluded I was out of my mind. I didn't bother trying to convince you otherwise; the place we're going to will do that. But until it does, humor me and be careful. Even if you think I'm crazy and harmless, I promise -- the island is not.

The boats' diesel engines ROAR to life, spitting clouds of black smoke into the air.

CUT TO:

23 EXT OPEN SEA DAY 23

The three vessels SPLASH through the ocean swells, which rise four or five feet out here in the open sea. The two barges are in the lead, carrying NICK, EDDIE, DR. JUTTSON, and the equipment. The lighter boat follows, MALCOLM and SARAH aboard. The boat's CAPTAIN, a Costa Rican, points ahead and SHOUTS over the drone of the boat's engines.

CAPTAIN
There it is --

Malcolm and Sarah stretch over the windscreen to get a look. Up ahead, sheer, reddish-gray cliffs of volcanic rock rise dramatically out of the ocean.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
-- Isla Sorna!

Malcolm SHOUTS to Sarah over the engines.

MALCOLM
Volcanic. That's the outside of the crater. Those dark spots at the base are vents -- hollow tubes, all the way to the interior.

Sarah looks closely. The caves are tiny, dark shapes at the base of the cliffs around which the ocean waves crash, plumes of white water rising fifty feet into the air.

24 UP AHEAD, 24

boat number one, the first container barge, is near the base of the cliffs. Its CAPTAIN steers with the swells, aligning the boat with the mouth of the cave. A large wave rushes under the boat, lifting its bow high into the air, then SMASHING it back down into the sea.

25 INSIDE THE CAVE, 25

the ROAR of the water passing through increases with each wave. Boat number one noses into the entrance.

26 ON BOAT NUMBER TWO, 26

NICK and EDDIE watch nervously as boat one, ahead of them, chugs into the cave.

27 BEHIND THEM, 27

the third boat, the lighter one, fights with the swells, forced to pull up short as the second boat makes its way into the cave.

Just as it does, a large wave sweeps past them, hitting the cliffs at an odd angle. The second boat is chased into the vent by the force of the wave, but the third boat, Sarah and Malcolm's, isn't so lucky. The wave sweeps under it, swinging it back, away from the cave.

Now the wave CRASHES into the base of the cliff, drenching the third boat in a heavy shower of seawater.

CAPTAIN
HANG ON! The tide's coming in!

He cranks the wheel, lifting the boat up onto an approaching wave, and rides the crest of it right into the mouth of the cave.

28 IN THE CAVE, 28

the Captain jams the throttle down all the way and the boat ZOOMS through the narrowing cave space. Sarah looks up, at the roof of the cave, which seems awfully close. The stone ceiling races by, faster as the Captain leans on the throttle.

There is a loud CRACK as a low rock on the cave ceiling tears off the radar antenna mounted on the roof of the boat. Malcolm looks up.

CRASH! Another rock pulverizes the boat's searchlights, sending a shower of glass flying.

MALCOLM
Drive faster.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

The ceiling is drawing ever closer, now only a foot or two over their heads. Up ahead, a light grows at the end of the tunnel. The light grows in intensity as they get closer and closer, but --

SARAH

LOOK OUT!

She grabs Malcolm and pulls him down to the floor, just as a low outcropping of rock RIPS THE ENTIRE CABIN RIGHT OFF THE TOP OF THE BOAT!

The cabin drops into the water in the wake of the boat. Sarah, Malcolm, and the Captain hug the floor as the now-topless boat rockets forward at top speed, blasting through the narrowing light at the end of the tunnel and emerging --

29 IN A PEACEFUL TROPICAL LAGOON. 29

The roofless boat, seemingly unoccupied, ROARS to a stop in a shower of water and diesel smoke as the engine quits. It drifts in the lagoon, gently bumping up against the barges, which were waiting for them. One by one, the CAPTAIN, SARAH, and MALCOLM stand up slowly and look around.

Lush green foliage drips everywhere in this warm, verdant setting. Sulfurous yellow steam issues from the ground, bleaching the nearby foliage white. In the distance one can hear the cries of JUNGLE BIRDS.

Sarah's eyes widen in excitement. But Malcolm's narrow.

MALCOLM

Let's get to work.

CUT TO:

30 EXT AT THE SHORE OF THE LAGOON DAY 30

The boat CREWS flip the tarps off the AAV, the jeep, and the trailers. A HAND turns a key in the ignition and the solar-powered vehicles HUM to life with the soft WHIR of the vacuum pumps starting up.

The trucks back off the barges, down narrow ramps, and over onto the soft clay shore at the edge of the lagoon. There is a large three-toed animal imprint in the clay at water's edge, and the AAV backs right over it, swapping its own track for the animal's.

MACOLM is at the edge of the water with the CAPTAIN, who's standing next to the dropped rear cargo ramp of one of the barges.

30 CONTINUED: 30

MALCOLM
Be back in three days, but keep the satellite phone on and your radio tuned to the frequency I specified in case we need you sooner.

CAPTAIN
Don't worry. I've lived around here all my life, these islands are completely --

In the distance, they hear the faint, strange ROAR of an animal. A large animal. The Captain looks at Malcolm, eyes wide.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
-- safe.

CUT TO:

31 EXT GRASSY PLAIN DAY 31

The jeep tows the double trailer to the edge of a grassy plain just beyond the lagoon, overlooking the interior of the island. The noon sun is high overhead; below the valley shimmers in midday heat.

32 INT TRAILER DAY 32

DR. JUTTSON spreads out his books and research tools. He FLICKS a row of switches, one by one, booting up the various computers there. On a row of screens, images of various dinosaurs flash by, their scientific names and anatomical descriptions listed in depth.

33 EXT PLAIN DAY 33

EDDIE turns a crank, raising and rotating the black-celled solar panels on the tops of the cars so that they face the sun, to soak up its power.

Beside him, NICK loads a three quarter inch cassette into his shoulder camera and CLICKS it shut.

At the rear of the vehicle now, EDDIE connects a flexible cable to the jeep's power winch and flicks it on. The cable turns slowly in the sunlight.

Moving along the length of it, we see the cable leads to a pile of aluminum, some kind of strut assembly painted a camouflage color. As the winch pulls the cable tight, the jumble of thin struts begins to move, slowly rising into the air.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

The emerging structure climbs, spidery, struts unfolding, fifteen feet into the air. The little house at the top (the cage that was tested back at Eddie's workshop) is now just beneath the lowest branches of the nearby trees, which almost conceal it from view.

34 DOWN BELOW, 34

Sarah stares up at the aluminum structure disapprovingly.

SARAH
Ian, you can't do this kind of work up in a tower, you have to be out in the field, as close to the animals as possible. It's the only way.

Malcolm suppresses a smile.

MALCOLM
Still afraid of heights, huh?

SARAH
(defensive)
Little bit.

MALCOLM
Fine. Dr. Juttson and I up in the high hide, you and Nick go out in the field. But Eddie goes with you, with the Lindstradt.

CUT TO:

35 INT DOUBLE TRAILERS DAY 35

It's quiet inside the trailers that serve as their command post/living quarters. The books are lined up neatly on the shelves. The computers sit, booted up and awaiting data input.

Everything is very quiet, except for all the way in the back, past the spare tires and life preservers and canned food and bottled water, up in one storage bin all the way on top, where there's a RUSTLING sound.

Suddenly, a plastic student ID card pops out in the crack in the bin's door. A photograph in the lower right hand corner of the card is visible -- it's of Kelly Curtis, Malcolm's twelve year old student.

The card scoots over to the lock, wiggles against it a few times, and with a soft CLICK, the door pops open.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

KELLY CURTIS herself tumbles out, wrapped in several blankets. She leaps to her feet, blinks the light out of her eyes, and bolts to the back of the trailer as fast as she possibly can. She races through a narrow door and SLAMS it shut.

A sign on the door says "RESTROOM." Inside, a SIGH of relief is heard.

CUT TO:

36 EXT JUNGLE DAY 36

Out in the field, SARAH and NICK make their way through the thickening brush. EDDIE follows behind them, Lindstradt rifle at the ready, a spare weapon slung over his shoulder and a handgun in a belt around his waist.

NICK
We headed in any particular direction?

SARAH
(pointing to the ground)
Following a game trail. It goes over this rise.

She starts to climb a small hill, effortlessly. He follows her. Both are in excellent shape.

SARAH (cont'd)
So what's your story?

NICK
I was a cameraman for Nightline for six years, been freelance since '91. I was in Rwanda, Chechnya, all over Bosnia. Do a lot of work for Greenpeace now.

SARAH
That must be interesting. What drew you there?

NICK
Women. 'Bout eighty percent female in Greenpeace.

SARAH
Very noble.

NICK
You're a behaviorist?

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
(nods)
I'm writing a book on African scavengers. Dinosaurs are sort of a hobby, paleontologists ask people like me to make guesses about them all the time. Ian thinks my theories might be -- appropriate here.

NICK
Uh huh.
(pause)
Look, he is nuts, right?

SARAH
If you think so, why did you come?

NICK
His check cleared. Why'd you get on the plane?

SARAH
When I was eighteen, this friend invited me away for the weekend with her family. She said John Lennon was coming with them. Yeah, right, sure he is. I didn't go. But he did. She showed me the pictures. I've regretted that for about fifteen years. Sometimes you just have to take things on --
(noticing something)
What the -- ?

They've reached the crest of the hill and just over it, Sarah has spotted a bristly row of strange, spade-shaped fins. Nick sees it too and the gum drops out of his mouth, PLOPS onto his shirt, and sticks there.

Sarah grabs him by the hand and pulls him down so they are hidden from view. They creep forward slowly, until they can just barely peek over the top of the hill --

-- at the dozen or so STEGOSAURS grouped in the clearing below. They're large dinosaurs with small heads, thick necks, and huge lumbering bodies. A double row of pentagonal plates runs along the crest of their backs, and they have a dragging tail with long spikes in it.

Eddie drops to the grass beside them and the three of them stare at the animals in disbelief.

EDDIE
Oh my --

NICK
-- God!

EDDIE
Holy --

NICK
-- shit!

Sarah breaks into a wondrous grin and sings softly to herself.

SARAH
"Imagine all the peo-ple . . . "

They all just stare, aghast, for a moment.

SARAH (cont'd)
They're beautiful!

A baby stegosaur wanders away from the group and ambles over, its eye on the bushes in front of them. It comes closer and closer, until it's only five or six feet away, but hidden from them by the thick brush.

Sarah leans over and TAPS softly on Nick's video camera. He remembers why he's there and slides it slowly over on the grass, turning it so the lens is pointing at the brush.

While the baby eats, Sarah pulls her camera out of her pack, raises it, and SNAPS a picture. The shutter is silent, a muffled CLICK just barely audible.

The baby stegosaur chews a hole right through the brush, but it turns around as it tears the last of the foliage away, and it doesn't see them.

Sarah sees an opportunity. As the baby heads back for the group, she scoots right along with it, moving behind it, using its body as a shield to block her from the view of the herd.

Nick and Eddie's faces whiten in alarm. Nick reaches out to stop her, but he barely gets hold of the sole of her boot before she pulls away from him and duckwalks out into the clearing.

37 IN THE CLEARING, 37

Sarah slinks along behind the baby stego as it walks back to the herd, chewing the branches it carries in its mouth. She raises up slightly, squeezing off pictures of the herd, ever better as she gets closer.

38 BACK AT THE HILL, 38

Nick and Eddie can only watch her, aghast.

38 CONTINUED: 38

NICK
She's gutty.

EDDIE
She's nuts.

39 IN THE CLEARING, 39

Sarah keeps moving closer to the herd. Her eyes are wide and shining, she's made alive by the danger. The mother stegosaur glances over at the baby as it approaches, sees nothing out of the ordinary, and looks away again.

The baby passes a small grouping of rocks. Sarah ducks behind them, allowing the baby to go on ahead.

She's now in a perfect position to photograph the group, and she squeezes off picture after picture from this ideal vantage point.

SARAH
(to herself)
Just one more . . .

She shoots the last picture on the roll --

-- and the camera's autowinder WHIRS to life. Sarah looks down in horror as the camera's motor WHINES loudly in her hands.

The noise startles the herd. The alpha male, the biggest stegosaur in the group, turns toward Sarah, the plates on its back bristling.

The baby stego reacts, turning and bolting away from Sarah as fast as it can. Sarah, spotted, gets to her feet and turns to move away from the group.

But she's come too far into the clearing, and while her attention was focused on the group in front of her, several other stegosaurs have drifted in behind her. She's surrounded.

Sarah turns and looks back, just in time to see the alpha male's tail, spikes extended, whipping toward her. She ducks back and the tail SWISHES past her, but now the group closes in and a second tail sweeps across her.

Sarah flings herself to the side, tumbling out of the way. A third stegosaur STOMPS in, its tail arcs up into the air above her, she barrel rolls to the side --

-- and the tail's spikes THUD into the dirt where she was. Sarah runs to the middle of the clearing and looks around frantically.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

BANG!!

From the edge of the clearing, Eddie fires a rifle shot into the air, using the conventional rifle he had over his shoulder. BANG! He fires a second time. The herd stirs, alarmed, but it doesn't scatter.

The alpha male charges Sarah. She freezes, terrified --

-- Eddie swings the Lindstradt rifle up to his shoulder --

-- the animal brings its tail up into the air above her, spikes at the ready --

-- and Eddie fires. The shot itself is nothing more than a soft PFFFT as the poison dart is expelled from the chamber with a burst of air.

But the effect is devastating. The needle pierces the stegosaur's hide in mid-flank and the poison takes effect immediately. The stegosaur's front legs crumple. Its momentum carries it on, toward Sarah, but it THUDS to the ground short of her.

Its tail's swing ends listlessly, its strike falling low, sweeping her legs out from underneath her. She is knocked off her feet, across the clearing.

The rest of the herd freezes, confused. Nick and Eddie race over to Sarah, grab an arm each, and hustle her out of there. Sarah stares back, stunned, devastated by what she caused.

Before they escape back into the bush, the last image she sees is the baby stegosaur, frightened, BLEATING from behind a forest of protecting legs.

CUT TO:

40 EXT BASE CAMP DAY 40

EDDIE and NICK have brought SARAH back to the base camp, where MACOLM and DR. JUTTSON are crowded around her. She's extremely upset, in tears. The others are excited.

NICK
It was fantastic, man, it was the most incredible thing I've ever seen in my life!

JUTTSON
They actually came to the defense of the young when they felt it was threatened -- and not just the parents, but the whole herd!

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
(to Sarah)
You didn't know they'd react that way. It's not your fault.

SARAH
Of course it is, I didn't spend enough time with the animals before I moved in, I just stupidly assumed they'd behave like water buffalo --

JUTTSON
(to Malcolm)
This is a remarkable finding, it suggests parenting, social organization, it turns our notions of dinosaur behavior completely upside down!

NICK
(to Sarah)
Look, if it's anybody's fault, it's mine.

SARAH
What?

NICK
I'm a lightning rod. Wherever I go, shit happens. Always has.

MALCOLM
(to Juttson)
Herbivore behavior, possibly, but do you really think the same would be true of the carnivores?

NICK
And if I turn on my camera -- it hits the fan with a splat. It's my karma, don't try to understand it.

JUTTSON
(to Malcolm)
There's only one way to find out. We have to get close to a carnivore nest.

SARAH
No! We moved too close too fast already. The cardinal rule of a behaviorist is do not interact.

Eddie has noticed something behind them and is staring, wide-eyed.

40 CONTINUED: 2 40

EDDIE
Uh --

MALCOLM
That's a scientific impossibility.
The Heisenberg uncertainty principle.
Whatever you study, you also change.

EDDIE
Excuse me --

MALCOLM
We live in a participatory universe.
There's no room for a mere observer.

EDDIE
We have an observer ourselves.

They stop and turn, following Eddie's gaze. KELLY stands sheepishly in the doorway to the trailer, a kid who knows she's going to get it, but also knows it's too late for anybody to do anything about it.

KELLY
Hi.

41 LATER, 41

Kelly just stares straight ahead, some of the fun gone out of her adventure. The group has divided over the issue of her presence.

Nick sits off to the side, opening a tin of chewing tobacco. Malcolm stands in front of Kelly protectively.

MALCOLM
She's here now, and there's nothing we can do but accept it. I kind of admire what she did. It took guts.

Sarah notices Kelly is staring at her, starstruck. The conversation continues around them.

EDDIE
Yeah, well, we've got a lot of heavy marching ahead of us. I'm not carrying anybody --

MALCOLM
She'll keep up, Eddie.

Sarah waves to Kelly. Kelly flushes and waves back.

JUTTSON
What about her parents?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

MALCOLM
She can call them on the satellite phone. What do you want to do, lock her up for curiosity? That was a virtue last time I checked.

SARAH
In my opinion, we should all leave the island, right now and never tell anyone what we saw.

JUTTSON
What?

SARAH
If word gets out about this place, it'll end up like Antarctica. Country after country parading through, leaving their garbage behind, destroying a fragile ecosystem. Or, we can make sure it stays the way we found it. For once, that power is completely in our han-

She stops, a concerned look crossing her face. There is a sound BOOMING over the jungle around them, a low WHUMP . . . WHUMP . . . WHUMP.

Suddenly, five military cargo helicopters THUNDER overhead, swooping past them, headed for the island interior. The choppers are enormous, fat-assed creatures, their rear cargo doors hanging open.

42 AT A RIDGE, 42

the expedition members hit the dirt, one after the other, and peer over the ledge, watching as the helicopters bank and circle over a specific spot.

Eddie raises a pair of field glasses and trains them on the helicopters.

43 DOWN BELOW, 43

huge metal equipment containers emblazoned with the InGen logo are shoved out the back of the cargo bays. They SLAM into the jungle below, SNAPPING off trees like matchsticks, CRUSHING flat anything foolish enough to exist where they want to land on the jungle floor.

Now two dozen black silk rope bags drop out of the hovering helicopters and MEN leap out as well, sliding down the ropes, deploying into the new camp below.

44 UP ON THE RIDGE, 44

Malcolm turns to Sarah.

MALCOLM
You were saying something about power
in our hands?

CUT TO:

45 EXT HUNTERS' CAMP DAY 45

Metal container doors CLANG to the ground, gas jeep engines ROAR to life in a cloud of dust and diesel, blue laser barriers SIZZLE and BURN through foliage as this group of HUNTERS establishes a perimeter around their new camp.

The gas-powered vehicles ROAR out of the containers. As each vehicle emerges, a HUNTER slips a waterproof eight by ten card with an icon of the various dinosaurs on the island into a slot in the dashboard.

PETER LUDLOW, John Hammond's nephew and the head of InGen, dressed in brand new Banana Republic safari wear, steps into the center of the camp and surveys the surroundings. He turns to DIETER STARK, a South African of about forty-five.

LUDLOW
This is as good a place as any for
base camp. First priority is the
laser barriers, I want them all up
and running in thirty minutes. Half
an hour, understand?

Dieter nods and turns to some of the HUNTERS, who number about twenty in all, that are working nearby. But someone steps in front of Dieter, cutting him off. It's ROLAND TEMBO, the hunter from the bar in Mombassa.

ROLAND
Cancel that, Dieter.

LUDLOW
What? Why?

Roland points to a stream running nearby.

ROLAND
Carnivores hunt near stream beds. Do
you want to set up base camp or an
all-you-can-eat people bar?

LUDLOW
(thinks)
You heard him, Dieter. Find a new
spot.
(MORE)

45 CONTINUED: 45

LUDLOW (cont'd)
And remember, we're after herbivores only -- no unnecessary risks.

Dieter SIGHS and goes to work. Roland puts an arm around Ludlow and pulls him aside.

ROLAND
Peter, if you want me to run your little camping trip, there are two conditions. First -- I'm in charge, and when I'm not around, Dieter is. Your job is to sign the checks, tell us we're doing a good job, and open your case of scotch when we have a good day. Second condition -- my fee. You can keep it. All I want in exchange for my services is the right to hunt one of the tyrannosaurs. A male -- buck only. Why and how are my business. If you don't like either of those conditions, you're on your own. Go ahead and set up your camp right here, or in a swamp, or in the middle of a rex nest, for all I care. But I've been on too many safaris with rich dentists to listen to any more of your suicidal ideas. Okay?

LUDLOW
(what else can he say?)
Okay.

ROLAND
Attaboy.

CUT TO:

46 EXT JUNGLE DAY 46

The jungle foliage shivers, quakes, and finally falls as the Hunters' convoy ROARS to life and plows into the heart of the jungle. DIETER STARK stands in the front of the lead vehicle, the "speedbird," waving the convoy forward.

LUDLOW is in the back seat of the speedbird; ROLAND and AJAY, his tracker, ride in the second jeep. Roland looks up as the brakelights on the speedbird flash and the car stops, forcing the rest of the convoy to halt as well.

In the front, the speedbird flashes its lights at something in front of it. Dieter climbs out, plainly irritated. He walks around the front of the car and sees --

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

-- four PACHYCEPHALOSAURS eating grass in the middle of the jungle trail. They're about five feet tall, thick, heavy-set animals whose distinctive feature is an enormous skull casing, a tall, impressive crown that rises on the tops of their heads. Dieter doesn't seem impressed.

DIETER
MOVE OUT OF THE WAY!!

The pachys look up at him sluggishly, still eating, like cows chewing their cuds. As unimpressed with him as he is with them, they go back to their grass.

DIETER (cont'd)
Oh, for God's --

He slings his rifle off his shoulder and aims it at the closest animal. LUDLOW'S VOICE comes from behind him.

LUDLOW
HEY! Those are very expensive animals, and they do not belong to you!

Roland and Ajay have climbed out of the second jeep.

ROLAND
It's a round-up, Dieter, not a war. Use your powers of persuasion.

Dieter rolls his eyes and gestures to the speedbird to pull ahead, which it does, slowly, toward the animals. The pachys look up, alert, but do not move. Dieter walks toward them.

DIETER
Come on, come on, we don't have all day!

The speedbird draws closer. The first pachy stares at it intently. The lead vehicle gets closer, closer --

-- and BANGS into the pachy, knocking it back a few feet, out of the way.

BEHIND DIETER,

Ajay is staring at something on the ground at his feet. He takes a few steps further into the foliage, then turns back toward Roland.

AJAY
Roland.

UP AT THE FRONT,

(CONTINUED)

the pachys turn and hop away. Dieter turns and heads back to the speedbird. As he reaches for the door, a VOICE calls "look out!" from behind him. Dieter spins around, just in time to see --

-- the first pachy in full charge. It SLAMS headfirst into the speedbird, SMASHING the headlights and denting the grill.

In the car, Ludlow and the Driver are jolted by the impact. Dieter turns and runs around to the front of the car. The pachy has backed up for another run and is now CHARGING RIGHT AT HIM.

Dieter retreats, quickly, and rips open the passenger door to protect himself.

SLAM! The pachy clobbers the door, sending Dieter flying against the car, knocking the wind out of him.

In the other jeeps, the rest of the HUNTERS stand up or lean out the windows for a better look, laughing.

POW!! The pachy head-butts the tire next to Dieter. It bounces off, tumbles to the ground, and rolls to its feet as Dieter gets to his knees and crawls toward the back of the speedbird.

But the pachy is quicker and lunges at Dieter again. He's forced to hit the dirt and crawls quickly underneath the speedbird, just as the animal SLAMS into the rear of the vehicle.

Now the other three animals join the fun. Ludlow and the Driver have to cover their heads as the animals lunge at the car again and again, SMASHING the steel-meshed windows and MANGLING the quarter panels. The rest of the group watches, vastly amused.

A FEW STEPS INTO THE JUNGLE,

Ajay and Roland are staring at something on the ground -- an animal footprint, three-toed, enormous.

AJAY
It matches the pictures.

ROLAND
It certainly does.

Roland gets up and goes back to his vehicle, ignoring the pachy demolition derby that continues up at the speedbird. Roland opens a case in the back of the jeep, revealing --

-- his gun. It's an antique elephant gun, a double barreled .600 Nitro Express.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 3 46

The gun is nearly a hundred years old, but in immaculate condition, its rosewood stock buttery smooth, bisons delicately engraved along its silver breech.

The barrels are twenty-four inches long, topped with an ivory bead foresight at the business end.

Roland scoops up the gun, breaks the breech, and pulls two rounds of ammunition from his shirt pocket.

Four inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, these are the largest full metal jacket cartridges ever made. He slips one into each barrel and heads back into the bush.

Roland pauses before he goes, as if noticing the animals trashing the speedbird for the first time.

ROLAND
HEY!

The pachys all freeze, staring at him. Roland waves one hand, HISSES sharply between his teeth --

-- and the pachys scatter, back into the jungle. Takes care of that problem. Roland turns and heads back into the jungle, calling out over his shoulder to Ludlow.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Don't worry about us. We'll catch up.

LUDLOW
Where do you think you're going?!

ROLAND
To collect my fee.

And with that he disappears into the foliage.

The Driver of the Speedbird drops it into gear and the battered car GROANS forward. As it moves ahead, it reveals DIETER, lying underneath it, ego bruised worse than body.

Amid derision from the group, he stands up, puts on his hat and broken sunglasses, and gets back in the jeep.

DIETER
Now it's a war.

47 IN THE JUNGLE, 47

Ajay takes a step into the bush, but at a ninety degree angle away from the direction in which the animal tracks lead.

47 CONTINUED: 47

ROLAND
Ajay.

Ajay turns. Roland points in the direction in which the footprints lead.

ROLAND (cont'd)
I'm no tracker, but even I can read this spoor.

AJAY
Do you wish to go where the animal has been, or where the animal is?

Roland smiles. Ajay sets off in his direction and Roland follows.

CUT TO:

48 EXT ISLAND RIDGE DAY 48

Seen from a ridge above them, the hunters' convoy continues to plow through the jungle as the afternoon sun begins to fade. But now the hunters themselves are being tracked, followed by the first group.

EDDIE is in the lead, with the Lindstradt rifle. SARAH is next, scurrying along the ridge effortlessly, her pack bouncing lightly on her back. KELLY struggles to catch up to her. Sarah notices her and extends a hand.

SARAH
I'm Sarah.

KELLY
(flushes)
Kelly. What do you think those guys are doing down there?

SARAH
I don't know. But I think we should find out, don't you?

KELLY
Absolutely.

SARAH
So what are you going to be when you grow up, Kelly?

KELLY
I don't know yet.

SARAH
That's a good answer.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
It is?

SARAH
You bet. What do you like to study?

KELLY
(embarrassed)
Actually, uh, I like math.

SARAH
What's wrong with math?

KELLY
Well, you know, girls aren't good at it.

SARAH
Girls aren't -- whoever said that?

KELLY
My teachers.

SARAH
Your teachers. Great.

KELLY
And the other kids call me a brain and a freak, stuff like that.

SARAH
Well, if they call you that you must be pretty damn good at math, don't you think?

They've reached a five or six foot incline, a root mass peppered with rocks and rotting plant matter. Eddie has stopped and is leaning against it, mopping his brow, taking a break before he even attemps to climb the incline.

Sarah starts to haul herself up it the hard way. Kelly, however, jumps up, grabs hold of one of the roots, swings back and forth twice, and flips herself neatly onto it. She stands up at the top, looking down at Sarah.

Sarah grins and looks at Eddie.

SARAH
Want her to carry your pack, Eddie?

EDDIE
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

CUT TO:

49 EXT THE CAVES DAY 49

AJAY and ROLAND make their way through the foliage and come into a small clearing at the base of the ridge, where there is a cluster of caves carved into the rock. Ajay freezes, gesturing ahead, to the cave on the far left.

Roland pulls up a handful of grass and releases it on the breeze. It floats back between his legs. That's good.

He proceeds toward the cave, carefully, Ajay behind him. They can see nothing beyond the yawning mouth of the cave, only a black interior.

Roland pauses, looking down. On the ground to his right he sees the partially eaten leg of a creature. It's old, crawling with white maggots and flies.

Roland continues on. Closer to the cave, he now passes the skull of a large animal, some of the flesh and green skin still adhering to the bone. It, too, is covered with flies.

Still he continues on. A short rise leads into the cave, and they edge up it. From inside the cave, they can hear an odd SQUEAKING sound, very high-pitched.

Crawling now, Roland and Ajay scale a four-foot circular rampart of dried mud, and peer into --

-- the tyrannosaur nest. It's flattened inside, about ten feet in diameter, completely encircled by earthen walls.

A BABY TYRANNOSAUR, about four and a half feet long, is in the center of the nest. It has a large head, very large eyes, and its body is covered with a fluffy red down, which gives it a scraggly appearance. It SQUEAKS repeatedly, tearing awkwardly at the remains of a chunk of animal flesh, biting decisively with tiny, sharp teeth.

The cave itself is a foul boneyard. ANIMAL CARCASSES litter the edges, flies BUZZ in the captive air. Roland raises a bandana to his nose to cover the stench. He turns to Ajay and WHISPERS.

ROLAND
It's the rex nest.

Ajay nods. The baby tyrannosaur hears the whisper and looks up, cocking its head in curiosity.

AJAY
Make a blind here? Wait for the buck to return?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

ROLAND
(shakes his head no)
If the nest is upwind, so are we. When he comes back, he'll know we're here before we have a chance. The trick --

In the nest below, the baby SQUEAKS angrily at the intruders.

ROLAND (cont'd)
-- is to get him to come where we want him.

The baby SQUEAKS again, indignant. Roland turns and looks down at it. Thinking.

CUT TO:

50 EXT RIDGE DUSK 50

As the sun glows bright orange on the horizon, SARAH raises a pair of binoculars to her eyes and peers down at the vista below the ridge.

In the lenses of the binoculars, we can clearly see a herd of CARINTHOSAURS, midsized, red-crested herbivores, racing across the plain below.

NICK and MALCOLM, also staring through binoculars, lie on the ridge beside her.

51 THROUGH SARAH'S BINOCULARS 51

we see a shaky point of view of the herd running. The binoculars whip to the right --

-- revealing a jeep chasing the herd. Not just one jeep, in fact, but a whole FLEET OF HUNTER PURSUIT VEHICLES! There are two herding jeeps, one motorcycle, a speedier mini-jeep, and, further behind, a container truck and a wrangler's pickup truck.

Although there's a great deal of commotion below, up here it's almost eerily silent.

52 ON THE RIDGE, 52

Sarah lowers the binoculars, angry. When she raises them again, the sun FLARES off the lens --

53 EXT THE PLAIN DUSK 53

-- and when the brilliant flare clears, we're right down in the middle of the roundup.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

Engines ROAR, wheels spin and dig in the dirt, men SHOUT and radios SQUAWK as the hunter vehicles pursue the fleeing herd.

The HUNTERS SHOUT and SHRIEK with glee, incredulous and thrilled by the spectacular animals they're pursuing.

HUNTER
LOOK AT THESE THINGS!

HUNTER 2
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL, MAN, THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!!!

One of the pursuit vehicles (a "snagger"), pulls ahead of the others. DIETER STARK stands in the passenger seat, holding a long pole with a noose dangling from the end of it.

He swings the pole out over the side of the jeep and SHOUTS to the driver.

DIETER
FASTER!

The Driver hits the gas and the snagger leaps forward, gaining on the herd. Aware of the danger behind them, the herd veers to the right, toward the cover of thick jungle --

-- but the motorcycle ROARS in from the right side, cutting them off, herding them back out into the open.

BACK IN THE CONTAINER TRUCK,

PETER LUDLOW stands up in a "conning tower," a command post in the heaviest pursuit vehicle. He BARKS into a walkie-talkie.

LUDLOW
Alive, Dieter, and uninjured!

BACK ON THE SNAGGER,

the Driver can barely keep up with the twists and feints thrown by the herd ahead of him. Dieter CURSES and throws the lasso pole into the back of the jeep. Ludlow's voice continues over the radio in Dieter's jeep.

LUDLOW (o.s.)
Dieter, did you hear me?!

DIETER
(to the Driver)
Turn that off!

The Driver SNAPS off the radio as Dieter grabs a long-barreled rifle from the back of the vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 2 53

THE MOTORCYCLE

guns it again, forcing the herd even closer to Dieter and the snagger.

ON THE SNAGGER,

Dieter, rifle in hand, drops down into the passenger seat, whips a harness over himself and CLICKS it into place. He jabs his thumb into a flashing red button in the dashboard.

Immediately, a motor underneath the seat HUMS to life and the seat itself telescopes, extending a good four feet out to the side of the speeding jeep.

Dieter raises the gun, picks one of the carinthosaurs from the rear of the fleeing herd, and takes aim.

BANG!!

The carinthosaur staggers as a tranquilizer dart sticks in its left hindquarter.

54 UP ON THE RIDGE, 54

there is utter quiet. Sarah and the others stare wordlessly at the spectacle below.

55 DOWN ON THE PLAIN, 55

the snagger SHUDDERS to a halt in the dirt, kicking up a huge cloud of dust and dirt.

The motorcycle spins to a stop beside it, its DRIVER pushing his mask up to reveal his sweat and dirt-streaked face.

The wrangler truck backs up and drops its rear door, which CLANGS heavily to the ground. FOUR WRANGLERS carrying wire noose poles and chains race down the ramp and out of the truck.

Dieter jumps off the snagger. Still carrying his tranquilizer gun, he walks forward slowly. Ahead of him, the carinthosaur is still on its feet.

The sedated animal staggers, fighting to retain its balance while it is surrounded by the wary Wranglers.

DIETER
Easy -- easy -- not too close! Full extension!

The Wranglers adjust their poles, extending them another three feet, which allows them to stay further from the reeling animal.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

DIETER (cont'd)
Now!

Almost as one, the Wranglers flip their nooses over the stunned animal's neck. It thrashes, but the Wranglers hold their poles tightly, surrounding and immobilizing it.

56 UP ON THE RIDGE, 56

Sarah turns away. She can't watch.

57 DOWN ON THE PLAIN, 57

a bolero-type device, a rope with a round weight at either end, whips around the carinthosaur's legs.

The animal stumbles, trips --

-- and THUDS to the dirt with a SNORT of defeat.

Ludlow steps up next to Dieter and both of them stare down at the helpless animal. Ludlow's face shows the excitement of the chase, he's breathing heavily, eyes glowing.

Dieter pulls out the card from the dashboard of the jeep, the one with an icon of a carinthosaur on it. He marks a black X over the drawing of the animal.

DIETER
Next case.

CUT TO:

58 EXT RIDGE NIGHT 58

Night has fallen over the island. The hunters have established base camp in an area they have trampled and cleared just below the ridge. Blue laser fences encircle the perimeter. Inside, half a dozen tents are set up around a central campfire.

The vehicles are all parked at one end, away from the tents. At the other end, there is a row of at least a dozen "capture containers," cages that hold the imprisoned dinosaurs they have already rounded up.

SARAH, MALCOLM, and NICK stand at the edge of the ridge above, looking down at the scene. Nick has his camera up and running, taping everything. VOICES waft up to them, raucous, LAUGHING, some even SINGING.

DR. JUTTSON has a pair of night-vision binoculars trained on the cages.

JUTTSON
Carinthosaurus -- compsognathus -- triceratops -- pachycephalosaurus -- looks like they went for herbivores or small scavengers only.

Malcolm, also with binoculars, furrows his brow, seeing something below.

THROUGH MALCOLM'S BINOCULARS,

he sees PETER LUDLOW, standing in the middle of the camp, pointing, giving orders.

ON THE RIDGE,

Malcolm lowers the binoculars and frowns, thinking.

MALCOLM
Ludlow. InGen?

JUTTSON
What's that?

MALCOLM
So that's why we had to leave right away. That's why he was in such a hurry!

SARAH
Who?

MALCOLM
John Hammond. The born-again naturalist. He sent us to his lost world because he knew it was about to be found. By his own corporation.

JUTTSON
What do they want?

MALCOLM
What else? Something to sell.

JUTTSON
I think we should get back to base camp. Eddie's waiting for us.

MALCOLM
I can't believe that idiot Peter Ludlow put all this together.

Nick, who has the binoculars now, speaks up.

NICK
He didn't. Check out the guy walking past the fire.

He hands the binoculars to Malcolm.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS,

Malcolm sees ROLAND, who's walking with AJAY, weapons and equipment slung over their shoulders.

NICK (o.s.)
I've met him. Brazil, maybe. He and that guy with him were spearhunting jaguars. Said it was immoral to go after them any other way. He wouldn't be in this for the money. He's not just a hunter, he's a philosopher. Kind of guy who beats you to a pulp with your own argument.

BACK ON THE RIDGE,

NICK (cont'd)
He's the one in charge.

Malcolm is still staring through the binoculars.

MALCOLM
Well, if that's true -- the man in charge just left camp.

SARAH
Then this is our chance.

MALCOLM
Our chance to do what?

SARAH
We have a whole new ballgame here, fellas. Those men down there are about to dismantle this island, bit by it, and obliterate the single greatest scientific opportunity of our generation. I'm not going to just sit down and watch.

MALCOLM
Dramatically spoken. Of course, there are twenty of them. Heavily armed.

SARAH
I know that. What we need here -- is
an action hero.

She looks at Malcolm.

MALCOLM
My, uh, leg is, uh, swelling a bit --

She looks at Dr. Juttson.

JUTTSON
They need me back at Princeton.

He sits down, revealing NICK, who is standing behind him, putting a pinch of chewing tobacco between his cheek and gum. Nick looks up and sees them staring at him.

NICK
What?

SARAH
Dr. Juttson, please take Kelly back
to camp. Leave the other car for us
and we'll meet you there in an hour
or so.

KELLY
What are you guys gonna do?

Malcolm sighs and sits down on a rock.

MALCOLM
Exactly what John Hammond wanted us
to do.

CUT TO:

59 INT TENT - HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT 59

In the hunters' supply tent, a case of twelve year old scotch sits open amid crate after crate of weapons and ammunition. PETER LUDLOW reaches in and pulls a bottle out.

60 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 60

In the jungle, LUDLOW approaches a small clearing. ROLAND is bent over a small stake in the ground, chaining something to it. As Ludlow approaches and walks around him, he sees what it is -- the BABY TYRANNOSAUR, alive and kicking, SQUEALING in protest. Roland looks up.

ROLAND
Just offering a little incentive.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

Ludlow laughs and shakes his head. He takes a drink and offers Roland one. Roland accepts. Ludlow notices Roland's gun leaning against a tree.

LUDLOW
What kind of gun is that?

ROLAND
My father's .600 Nitro Express. Made in 1904. Karimojo Bell gave it to him after he took down his last elephant. 8700 foot pound striking force.

LUDLOW
How close do you have to be?

ROLAND
Forty yards. Less, maybe. I assume it'll take a slug in the brain case to bring him down.

LUDLOW
(shudders)
Why not just use a scope and a poison dart and snipe him from a hill?

Roland looks at him disdainfully.

ROLAND
Or a laser beam from a satellite, for that matter?

Ludlow gives up on that line of chit chat. There is a pause, which Roland makes no attempt to fill.

LUDLOW
I'm no novice, you know. I've hunted since I was ten years old.

ROLAND
Ah hah.

LUDLOW
I have quite a trophy room of my own, back at my family's place upstate.

ROLAND
Ever pay anyone to kill an animal that's hanging in that trophy room of yours?

LUDLOW
Of course not.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 2 60

That was a very unconvincing lie.

ROLAND
Ever shoot an animal from a moving jeep?

LUDLOW
What are you after me for?

ROLAND
Just trying to find out what you're here to prove, Peter.

Ludlow gestures to the baby rex.

LUDLOW
Looks to me like you're the one with something to prove.

Roland stares at him for a long moment.

ROLAND
Would you like to join me? Going after the rex, I mean.

Ludlow looks at him, eyes shining.

LUDLOW
Yes, I would. Very much.
(suspicious)
Why?

ROLAND
The moment of the kill is ugly, Peter. I don't think you've ever been close enough to see that.

Ludlow, excited now, leans down, close to the baby rex, and examines it while it thrashes on its chain. Its mouth has been bound shut with a leather strap.

LUDLOW
You really think this'll draw the parent?

He picks up a stick and pokes the animal with it.

ROLAND
I once saw a bull elephant die charging a jeep. All the jeep had done was startle the bull's calves. I saw a lioness carry wounded prey four and a half miles, all the way back to its den, just to teach its cubs how to finish off a kill.

60 CONTINUED: 3 60

LUDLOW
Killing lessons? Heartwarming.

ROLAND
Rex won't be any different. It'll come.

LUDLOW
(still poking the baby)
Don't get sentimental on me, Roland. These things aren't cuddling parents, they're vicious carnivores that-

The baby rex, which has had about enough of being poked, suddenly HISSES through its clenched teeth and lunges forward, head-butting Ludlow right across the bridge of the nose with a hard CRUNCH.

He SHOUTS and falls back, on his ass. He scrambles to his feet, blood running down his upper lip. Roland can't help but laugh.

Like an enraged child, Ludlow snatches up Roland's gun and brings the butt down viciously on the rex's leg. The bone breaks with a dry SNAP and the animal HOWLS in pain.

ROLAND (cont'd)
No!

But Ludlow takes off, stumbling back to camp. Roland looks after him, disgusted, then looks down at the rex, which is writhing in pain.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Damn it.

CUT TO:

61 EXT EDGE OF HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT 61

At the edge of the hunters' camp, NICK, SARAH, and MALCOLM scramble down a hillside and stop at the edge of the laser barriers. There are three beams, each about two feet apart, the tallest almost six feet off the ground.

Nick reaches the edge and crouches. Sarah, helped by Malcolm, steps up onto his back and jumps over the top, landing with a CRUNCH. Nick is next, given a boost by Malcolm, who is then left alone on the other side.

He backs up a few steps, jogs right at the lasers, then springs off his good leg --

-- and does the Fosbury Flop right over the top. He lands with a THUD, to the silent admiration of the other two.

62 FURTHER IN THE CAMP, 62

the three of them creep along, hiding behind a stack of fuel barrels. They lean around the edge for a look. They're directly behind the row of vehicles.

They move, into the open, covering the ground between them and the jeeps. Reaching them, Nick hits the dirt and wriggles under the first one. Malcolm and Sarah stand lookout.

UNDER THE JEEP,

Nick pulls a bolt-cutter from his back pocket. He squirms along until he finds the jeep's fuel line --

-- and he snips it. He ducks out of the way just as the stream of fuel begins to pour into the dirt.

MALCOLM AND SARAH

move slowly down the line, standing watch as Nick crawls out from under the first jeep and proceeds to the second. They hear another SNIP, then keep moving, to cover him as he moves to the third.

From in the distance, Malcolm hears a sound, a faint, high-pitched SCREECHING. He turns and looks in that direction.

63 EXT JUNGLE CLEARING NIGHT 63

It's the baby T-rex, still SCREECHING. Up in a nearby tree, ROLAND and AJAY have spread some broken branches crosswise to form a high hide of their own about ten feet off the ground.

They wait.

Roland raises his binoculars. The light of the camp spills all the way out here, illuminating some of the jungle. He scans it, searching for any sign of movement.

64 EXT HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT 64

Back in the camp, Sarah, Malcolm, and Nick have finished with all of the vehicles except the badly battered one, which is parked some distance away, undergoing repairs. The motor pool area is now a soggy lake of spilled gasoline.

The saboteurs walk casually across the camp, unnoticed in the drunken revelry. They pass several tents, the shadows of the partiers visible as they move inside.

They continue across the camp and arrive at the other side --

-- to face the caged animals. Nick pulls a small palmcorder from his pack and flicks it on, shooting video of the animals as they walk past them.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

There's the carinthosaur that was tranquilized earlier. It stands there dully, eyes heavy and glassy, still under the effects. They pass a stegosaur, its row of fins bristling.

And finally they reach the largest cage, which houses a triceratops the size of a pickup truck.

They look at each other. Nick pulls out his trusty bolt-cutters.

NICK
You wanted to see action?

65 INT HUNTERS' TENT NIGHT 65

In one of the hunter tents, PETER LUDLOW leans over a tactical map of the island, planning the next day's assault with DIETER and another HUNTER. There are small wooden dinosaur models scattered around the board, indicating where certain species can be found.

LUDLOW
The infrareds of the nests have been very accurate, so if tomorrow's targets haven't migrated, I think we can expect to break camp by --

He stops in the middle of his sentence. A low RUMBLING sound can be heard outside, and the little wooden dinosaurs are shaking on the board.

They look at each other. The RUMBLING gets louder. Outside, someone SHOUTS; on the board, the little dinosaurs start hopping and bouncing from the vibrations, the SHOUTS outside turn to SCREAMS, they turn and look at the back of the tent --

-- and the triceratops bursts right through the canvas!

66 EXT CAMP NIGHT 66

HUNTERS go flying as the tent-covered triceratops, its horns tearing through the canvas, RUMBLES across the camp. Men SHOUT in alarm, the triceratops BELLOWS in anger and confusion, chaos reigns.

In the crush of PEOPLE running every which way, MALCOLM and SARAH are swept off in one direction while NICK is buffetted in another. They SHOUT, but cannot be heard over the fray.

The triceratops, blinded by the canvas shroud, stomps right through the fire in the middle of the camp AND THE TENT BURSTS INTO FLAME.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

Now really upset, the animal panics and lashes out in all directions, blasting through tents, demolishing and/or setting ablaze anything that gets in its way.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CROWD,

DIETER spots Sarah and Malcolm as they try to fight their way across the camp.

DIETER
Hey! You two! STOP!

Sarah and Malcolm disappear into the crowd.

The flaming triceratops, meanwhile, zigzags through the camp. As it swerves, its considerable hindquarter SLAMS into a parked jeep, sending the jeep rolling across the camp.

The jeep flattens a tent and SLAMS down on its side. Its broken gas line SPRAYS gas over the ground, the gas hits one of the dozens of small blazes the triceratops has left in its wake, and the flame shoots up the ribbon of gas.

The jeep explodes.

67 OUT IN THE JUNGLE CLEARING, 67

Roland and Ajay, up in the tree, leap to their feet as a fireball rises up from the camp in the distance.

ROLAND
What in God's -- !

68 BACK IN THE CAMP, 68

the rest of the newly-freed animals now storm through the camp. The blue laser barriers bounce crazily and go out as the sending units are trampled underfoot by the fleeing animals.

69 AT THE EDGE OF CAMP, 69

Nick takes advantage of the downed lasers to slip past the borders of the camp and disappear into the jungle.

70 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CHAOS, 70

Dieter has spotted Malcolm and Sarah again as they fight their way across the camp. He grabs a HUNTER running past him and hurls him in the driver's seat of a nearby jeep.

DIETER
DRIVE!

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

~~Dieter leaps into the passenger seat~~, the Driver hits the gas, and the jeep ROARS off, leaving a trail of leaking gasoline behind it.

FURTHER AHEAD,

Sarah and Malcolm run for their lives as the speeding jeep pursues them. The vehicle swerves through the crowd of fleeing Hunters to gain on them.

DIETER
(to the Driver)
Don't hit our guys!

The jeep swerves to avoid two Hunters in its path, but that swerve puts it directly on a collision course with the flame-shrouded triceratops.

DIETER (cont'd)
LOOK OUT!

Dieter throws up his arms in defense, but the Driver swerves again, barely missing the triceratops. Dieter relaxes --

-- but behind them, the jeep's leaking trail of gasoline catches fire.

The fire trail ROARS after the speeding jeep, which, in turn, ROARS after Sarah and Malcolm.

But the fire trail burns in the other direction too, back along the trail the jeep left behind it.

Toward the motor pool. Every one of the Hunters' vehicles, with the exception of the battered one, is grouped together in the same area, which is directly in the route of the speeding fire trail.

71 OUT IN THE JUNGLE, 71

Roland and Ajay race back toward the camp.

KA-BOOM!!

The row of vehicles, ignited by the fire trail, goes up in a series of deafening explosions, lighting the night sky a brilliant orange.

72 IN THE CAMP, 72

Sarah and Malcolm are still being pursued by the jeep.

IN THE JEEP,

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

~~the Driver starts to slow down and looks at Dieter~~ -- what's he supposed to do, hit them?

DIETER
COME ON!

He stomps down on the gas, right over the Driver's foot. The jeep gets closer still, but Dieter notices the rear view mirror, filling with orange as the fire trail catches up to them.

DIETER (cont'd)
JUMP!

He and the Driver leap out the sides of the jeep just as the fireball catches up and hits their fuel line. The jeep EXPLODES, sailing into the air.

Sarah and Malcolm leap over the failing laser barriers and vanish into the jungle as the burning jeep SLAMS into another tent. Now that tent EXPLODES, and judging by the size of this blast, it must have been the ammo tent we saw earlier.

Dieter drags himself up onto all fours, charred and bruised. A burning tire rolls slowly past him, spinning to a stop --

-- at ROLAND's feet. Dieter looks up at him.

ROLAND
Last time I leave you in charge.

Roland surveys the demolished camp. Their tents are tongues of flame flapping in the air, their vehicles have been reduced to burning hulks, their personnel are scattered and terrified. PETER LUDLOW, breathless, face smeared with dirt and smoke, staggers up to Roland.

LUDLOW
What in Christ's name is going on?!

ROLAND
Isn't it obvious?

He holds up the snipped padlock from one of the animal cages.

ROLAND (cont'd)
We're not alone on this island.

73 OUT IN THE JUNGLE, 73

Nick van Owen breaks out into the jungle clearing, the same one where Ajay and Roland had their blind. He sees the baby tyrannosaur chained to the stake.

73 CONTINUED: 73

NICK
Oh, my God.

He goes to the animal, which now BLEATS in pain, its broken leg hanging at an odd angle. With one strong tug, Nick pulls the stake out of the ground.

CUT TO:

74 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 74

MALCOLM and SARAH race back up onto the ridge trail, where the green AAV is parked. NICK bursts around from the other side of the car.

SARAH
Nick, thank God, we didn't know if --

Malcolm opens the rear door.

NICK
Wait, don't-

With a piercing SHRIEK, the BABY TYRANNOSAUR, now in the back of the AAV, flings itself at the open doorway, jaws SNAPPING just short of Malcolm's nose.

MALCOLM
HOLY SHIT!!

He SLAMS the door.

75 DOWN IN THE HUNTERS' CAMP, 75

ROLAND hears the commotion up on the ridge and looks up.

ROLAND
Do we have anyone up there?

76 BACK UP ON THE RIDGE, 76

Malcolm is confronting Nick.

MALCOLM
Are you out of your mind?!

NICK
It has a broken leg!

MALCOLM
So do it a favor and kill it!

NICK
Just get in the car, before they hear us!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

He runs around and leaps in the driver's seat. Sarah slips into the passenger seat, quickly, leaving Malcolm no choice but the rear.

CUT TO:

77 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 77

The AAV SLAPS through the jungle foliage. From inside the car, we can hear the baby tyrannosaur SCREAMING in anger.

78 INT AAV NIGHT 78

The baby, its mouth now muzzled with a man's belt, writhes on the back seat next to Malcolm, who has flattened himself against the door, as far away from the animal as possible.

SARAH
Ian, close the window, it's going to wake every predator in the jungle!

Malcolm leans over the enraged animal and cranks up its window. The tyrannosaur SLASHES with one of its powerful hind legs, ripping the flesh of his forearm. He SHOUTS in pain.

Outside, the listening jungle whizzes by.

79 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 79

Up in the high hide, EDDIE, DR. JUTTSON, and KELLY are standing watch, scanning the jungle for any sign of their returning comrades.

Juttson yanks the night-vision binoculars away from his face as he spots the AAV, pulling up to the base camp a couple hundred yards away.

JUTTSON
There they are!

They all turn and look, but Eddie furrows his brow, watching them pull the wounded animal from the back seat.

EDDIE
What is that they have with them?

80 EXT CAMP NIGHT 80

SARAH and NICK carry the SCREECHING baby tyrannosaur in their arms, headed for the trailer. MALCOLM, holding his bleeding arm, isn't far behind.

81 INT TRAILER NIGHT 81

SARAH and NICK bring the SCREAMING infant to the metal dining table and hold it down. MALCOLM is right behind them.

MALCOLM
This is exceedingly unwise.

Sarah turns away from a drawer of medical supplies, holding a small syringe.

SARAH
Too late to worry about that! Hold him tighter, Nick!

Nick tightens his grip on the animal and Sarah makes an injection into its thigh, over its loudly voiced objections.

SARAH (cont'd)
I don't know a thing about its metabolism, but 10 cc's of morphine ought to calm it down for a few minutes.

MALCOLM
Just get it done and get it out of here as quickly as possible.

Sarah picks up a small ultrasound transducer and runs it over the animal's leg. A green and white skeletal image appears on a monitor next to the table.

SARAH
Okay, there's the metatarsals -- tibia, fibula -- there it is! See it? That's a fracture, just above the epiphysis.

They peer closely at the monitor.

NICK
That little black line?

SARAH
That little black line means death for this infant. The fibula won't heal straight, so the ankle joint can't pivot when he stands on his hind feet. The baby won't be able to run, and probably can't even walk. It'll be crippled, and a predator will pick it off before it gets more than a few weeks old.

MALCOLM
Can you set it?

81 CONTINUED: 81

SARAH
(thinking)
It has to be temporary, something that'll break apart and fall off as the animal grows . . .

MALCOLM
Think fast, Sarah.

The tyrannosaur, still in pain, SHRIEKS again.

82 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 82

Through their binoculars, the rest of the group watches the trailer carefully. Even inside, the animal's SCREECHES are clearly audible. Kelly is getting scared.

KELLY
What are they doing? Why don't they hurry?!

EDDIE
Give me the radio.

From the trailer, the baby lets out a long, plaintive SHRIEK --

-- which is answered by a ROAR from the jungle.

One by one, Eddie, Kelly, and Juttson turn around and stare into the night jungle.

83 INT TRAILER NIGHT 83

NICK holds the animal while SARAH fits an aluminum foil cuff around its injured leg and paints it with a coating of resin. MALCOLM, at the window, stares out anxiously. The animal thrashes again.

NICK
Give it more morphine!

SARAH
We'll kill him with too much, we'll put him into respiratory arrest! I'm almost done. Damn it, I need another adhesive, something pliable I can --

Her eyes fall on Nick. She holds out her hand, urgently.

SARAH (cont'd)
Spit!

He spits his bubblegum into the palm of her hand. The baby rex CRIES out again.

84 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 84

From the swaying jungle, there is another answering ROAR.

And this one's closer.

In the high hide, the rest of the group stares, trembling. In the distance, a flock of birds SHRIEKS and takes flight as the tops of some trees move, a whole section of forest suddenly coming alive, as if brushed by wind.

But it's not the wind.

They hear noises, THUDS in the jungle. And then another section of forest trembles. Closer. Another flock of birds bursts out of the treetops and swarms past the high hide.

KELLY
What is it?!

Dr. Juttson puts an arm around Kelly, instinctively pulling her closer to him. Eddie WHISPERS urgently into the walkie-talkie.

EDDIE
Sarah, come in!

JUTTSON
It's moving. Fast.

85 INT TRAILER NIGHT 85

There is a radio box mounted on the far wall of the trailer. The speaker BUZZES urgently with Eddie's VOICE.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Sarah, Malcolm, can you hear me?!

On the table, Sarah is frantically molding Nick's bubblegum into place on the makeshift splint. But the baby rex, regaining its strength, is thrashing again.

SARAH
Hold it down, Nick!

NICK
I'm trying!

EDDIE (o.s.)
(from the radio)
Is anybody there?!

Malcolm moves to answer the radio, but Sarah SHOUTS to him.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

SARAH
Ian, get the bottle of amoxicillin and fill a syringe! Quick injection of antibiotics and I can get it out of here!

Forsaking the radio, Malcolm moves to the medicine drawer and comes up with what she wants. Working fast, he draws twenty cc's of the pink liquid.

EDDIE (o.s.)
(still from the radio, now desperate)
SARAH OR IAN, ANSWER ME!

They ignore him as Sarah grabs the syringe and makes the injection.

EDDIE (o.s.)
WHATEVER YOU BROUGHT INTO THE TRAILER, GET IT OUT NOW!

86 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 86

Eddie has given up on whispering as he clutches the radio desperately.

EDDIE
WE ESTIMATE TWO LARGE ADULTS HEADED IN YOUR DIRECTION! I REPEAT --

87 INT TRAILER NIGHT 87

Nick, Sarah, and Malcolm spin around at hearing that terrible piece of information.

MALCOLM
Oh, Christ.

A deafening ROAR sounds from just outside the trailer, followed immediately by a CRASHING sound. They whirl and look to the window, just in time to see --

-- the AAV tumbling by, rolling on its side!

There is another ROAR, and the baby, on the table, ROARS in response. Outside the window, the head of a full-grown TYRANNOSAURUS REX lowers and peers inside.

Malcolm, Sarah, and Nick all freeze in absolute terror.

The rex outside GURGLES, making maternal cooing noises. The baby rex, calm for the first time, GURGLES back.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

But across the trailer, in the opposite window, ANOTHER T-REX HEAD SUDDENLY APPEARS. This one ROARS, deeply, a roar so low and loud it rattles anything in the trailer that isn't tied down.

NICK
What do they want?!

MALCOLM
What do you think they want?!

SARAH
That's impossible, they can't have the sensory equipment to track it all the way here!

MALCOLM
Current evidence seems to be to the contrary, wouldn't you say?! GIVE IT TO THEM!

Nick, hands shaking, grabs the shoulder video camera he used earlier. He whips out the cassette that's in there, hurls it into an open duffel bag with half a dozen others, SLAMS a fresh cassette in, and flicks the "ON" switch.

Sarah and Malcolm, meanwhile, hurry to the other end of the trailer, carrying the baby rex. Outside, the two adult rexes stay with them, walking in the same direction, watching them through the windows.

88 EXT TRAILERS NIGHT 88

Seen from outside, the light inside the trailers clearly illuminates Sarah and Malcolm as they carry the baby rex. The adult rexes tower over the trailer, twice as tall and nearly as long. They walk slowly alongside it, hunched over, watching their infant.

89 INT TRAILERS NIGHT 89

At the door to the trailer, Sarah un-muzzles the frantic baby.

SARAH
Ready?

Malcolm reaches for the door handle.

NICK
Wait!

He dives down on the floor under them, pointing the video camera up at the door, getting the best shot. Malcolm takes a breath, turns the knob, and throws open the door.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

Outside, the enormous rex heads pause for a moment, staring, surprised.

SARAH
(soothingly)
It's okay -- here's your baby -- it's okay -- we're giving her back --

MALCOLM
(hisses)
What are you doing?!

SARAH
It works with lions sometimes! There we are -- your baby is free --

The baby, excited, wriggles free of them and lands on the ground outside. Not wasting a second, Malcolm SLAMS the door shut.

The three of them freeze, not daring to breathe. Outside, they can hear the SNUFFLING and COOING of the animals as they inspect their young --

-- and then the soft THUD of their footsteps, growing fainter as they move away.

From the wall, EDDIE'S VOICE comes over the radio, relieved.

EDDIE (o.s.)
They're going back into the jungle.

CUT TO:

90 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 90

EDDIE, JUTTSON, and KELLY sag back against the railings of the high hide.

EDDIE
Thank God. Thank God.

JUTTSON
Incredible. Absolutely incredible. Pair bonding, even among the most ferocious carnivores. Horner was right. And so was I.

Kelly looks up at him, shaking.

KELLY
Congratulations.

CUT TO:

91 INT TRAILER NIGHT 91

SARAH, MALCOLM, and NICK are slumped against the walls of the trailer. None of them speaks for a moment, too wiped out by the recent confrontation.

Finally, Nick speaks up, softly.

NICK
There's, uh -- there's an unwritten rule when a news crew is in a war zone. You stop the van every two miles and decide whether or not to go on. Whether or not you feel lucky. One "no" from anybody in the group and you turn around right there, no questions asked, nobody has to be embarrassed.
(pause)
Well? Do we go on?

Immediately:

SARAH
No.

MALCOLM
No.

NICK
No way.

They all laugh.

MALCOLM
All right. This expedition is cancelled. I'll call the mainland on the satellite phone and have them send the boat. We'll leave tonight.

He drags himself to his feet, goes to the desk, and picks up the heavy gray satellite phone that's resting in a battery pack. He raises the antenna and the front panel lights up, a brilliant green.

But from the wall speaker, the radio CRACKLES and EDDIE'S VOICE breaks through, soft and empty.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Oh, God. I am so sorry.

Malcolm and Sarah look at the speaker box.

MALCOLM
What the hell is he sorry f-

A low RATTLE sneaks into the trailer. Malcolm, Sarah, and Nick take a step forward from the walls, looking around. The RATTLE gets louder, the trailer shakes and vibrates, everything in it starts to BANG against the walls --

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

-- and something huge SMASHES into the side of the trailer.

They're all thrown against the far wall, there is an earsplitting CRACK of electricity, the entire trailer rocks and sparks a brilliant blue, and then everything goes black. The satellite phone flies out of Malcolm's hands and SMACKS against the wall. It lands on the floor, its number pad still glowing green.

Nick crawls over and looks out one of the windows. Outside, the flank of one of the tyrannosaurs wipes past the window, revealing the second tyrannosaur, charging straight at the trailer!

NICK

HANG ON TO SOMETHING!

They hurl themselves at the nearest solid object and hang on for dear life. The charging rex SLAMS into the side of the trailer, which rocks up on one side, BANGS back down, and is quickly RAMMED again by the furious animal. This time the entire trailer rolls over, completely upside down.

Sarah, Nick, and Malcolm let go of their precarious handholds and drop onto the ceiling. The tables, chairs, lab equipment, everything that's bolted down clings to the floor above them; everything that isn't RAINS DOWN ON THEM.

But the rexes aren't done. The trailer JOLTS INTO MOTION, sliding forward.

92 SEEN FROM OUTSIDE, 92

the upside down trailer, which is the rear of the two trailers, slides along the muddy ground, pushing up earth in front of it.

93 IN THE TRAILER, 93

SARAH

They're pushing us!

Malcolm, frantic, crawls to a window to get a look outside. He looks down and sees a T-rex footprint in the earth outside as they move past it.

He cranks his head to get a look at the direction in which they are being pushed. His eyes widen at something he sees outside the window.

MALCOLM

Oh, God.

SARAH

What?!

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

MALCOLM
They're pushing us over the cliff.

Sure enough, out the back window, we see a few more feet of muddy earth, and then nothing but inky black. The three of them look at each other for a moment --

-- and then crawl like hell toward the other end of the trailer. The opposite end reaches the edge of the cliff and starts to tip ever-so-slightly downward. They reach the accordion-like connector and Malcolm crawls into it.

94 THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE FRONT TRAILER, 94

which is right-side-up, Malcolm can see the two rexes hard at it, pushing the front end of the trailer.

95 IN THE REAR TRAILER, 95

Nick has a pretty good grip at the top of the trailer, but Sarah can only cling to an air vent in the ceiling as stuff starts to roll and tumble past her, headed downhill.

The angle increases, the trailer dips, and now stuff starts to freefall, right past her, some SMASHING her in the head.

Malcolm, still in the connecting tube, grabs hold. Sarah, starting to be pulled downward, paws at the refrigerator, getting a grip on the handle. The door, held by a safety latch, doesn't open.

Below Sarah, debris falls to the rear window of the trailer. Through the CRACKING glass, we can see the surf, CRASHING five hundred feet below.

The refrigerator bolts suddenly CRUNCH free of the wall. The box strains on its power cord.

Still clinging to the handle, Sarah swings wildly as it starts to come loose, swaying above her.

The safety latch on the door gives, it swings open, and a shower of food BANGS off of her as gravity empties the contents.

Sarah loses her grip and plummets through the now-vertical trailer. She SCREAMS, covers her head, and SMASHES into the rear window. The glass spiderwebs, but does not break.

96 FIVE HUNDRED FEET BELOW, 96

an enormous wave POUNDS the rocky shore. Above, Sarah is a tiny figure, sprawled out on the glass, held invisibly by the breaking window.

97 IN THE TRAILER, 97

Nick SHOUTS to her.

NICK
SARAH! DON'T MOVE!

Sarah, stunned by the fall, blinks a few times, regaining her senses. She looks down, at the crashing surf so far below.

As she stares, it seems to move even farther away from her. She blanches; the world spins around her.

SARAH
Oh . . . man.

Her breath fogs the cracked glass. Slowly, she tries to get up, caaaaaaarefully pulling herself up to her hands and knees.

But as she puts pressure on her hands, the glass CRACKS even more, tiny spiderwebs shooting out around her fingers. The whole glass panel sags, bowing out around the bottom of the trailer.

Sarah looks to her right, at a metal grating that runs along the wall of the trailer. She shifts her weight, leaning on one hand to reach for the grating with the other.

As she leans, hairline cracks shoot out around her pivot hand, snaking through the glass. The splintered glass spreads like a disease, it reaches the edge of the frame --

-- and her hand CRACKS right through the glass. She GASPS and pulls her hand out, but now her knees SMASH through the glass. She lunges, clinging to the metal grating as holes open up in the glass.

98 UNDERNEATH THE TRAILER, 98

glass and food and lab equipment fall out of the broken window and SMASH on the rocks below.

99 IN THE CLEARING, 99

the two rexes survey their work. The trailers are split, like an L, the rear trailer hanging straight down, the forward one resting on the edge of the cliff. Satisfied with their work, the animals turn and lumber back into the jungle.

100 IN THE TRAILER, 100

Sarah climbs carefully up the metal grating. Above her, Nick lowers himself as far as he can, reaching for her.

Up above them, Malcolm sees the satellite phone precariously balanced on one leg of the kitchen table, its number pad still glowing green.

101 ON THE CLIFFSIDE, 101

we realize the hanging trailer halted its descent because one corner of it is wedged in the branches of a tree that grows out from the muddy cliff.

But now those branches SPLINTER.

102 IN THE TRAILER, 102

Malcolm sees the bellows, the connector between the trailers, stretch as the lower trailer JERKS and dips lower. The movement knocks the satellite phone off its perch and it falls another four feet, landing on a narrow ledge.

BELOW HIM,

Sarah mountain-climbs through the trailer's kitchen, inadvertantly kicking the faucet on as she struggles for purchase.

103 OUTSIDE, 103

the tree branch SNAPS and the trailer jerks, stretching down again. The bellows expands to its full length, stretching like a Slinky.

104 INSIDE, 104

Nick knows he has to hurry. He climbs down, bouncing off the built-in furniture, moving ever closer to Sarah.

But Sarah slips and loses her grip, dropping a few feet. She grabs hold of the sink, the flowing water spraying her face.

105 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 105

EDDIE CARR is in the driver's seat of the jeep, racing through the jungle as fast as he can.

EDDIE
Hang on -- hang on --

The foliage SMACKS the windshield, then clears suddenly, revealing the endangered trailers on the cliffside ahead of him. The jeep bounces through the deep footprints left by the rex and SKIDS to a halt.

106 INT TRAILER NIGHT 106

Sarah loses her grip on the sink and falls, SMASHING into the frame of the half-broken rear window again.

107 OUTSIDE, 107

Eddie bolts out of the car and runs to the front trailer. He SHOUTS in through the broken front window.

107 CONTINUED: 107

EDDIE
HEY! HELLO?!

108 IN THE REAR TRAILER, 108

The three look up from their precarious positions.

MALCOLM
WE'RE IN HERE! GET SOME ROPE!

109 OUTSIDE, 109

Eddie turns and runs back to the jeep. He grabs a coil of rope, secures one end around a tree, and hurries back to the trailer.

110 IN THE FRONT TRAILER, 110

Eddie dashes over the mess in the front trailer and crawls out into the extended connector. He peers over the edge, down into the second trailer, and tosses the rope.

EDDIE
Catch!

The rope falls through the center of the trailer, its end dangling all the way out the smashed rear window.

Malcolm is nearer the satellite phone, its antenna just six inches from his outstretched fingers. But the trailer SHUDDERS, starting to move again.

The phone tips off the ledge and falls all the way this time, SMASHING into the breaking window at the bottom of the trailer.

SARAH
We're sliding!

EDDIE
Climb up if you can!

111 OUTSIDE, 111

Eddie runs out of the trailer in time to see the wheels dragging forward through the mud as the weight of the dangling trailer pulls the whole thing toward the edge of the cliff.

He runs for the jeep and grabs hold of the power winch on the front grill.

Behind him, the trailer rolls closer to the edge of the cliff.

Eddie races back to the trailer, pulling out a length of cable behind him.

111 CONTINUED: 111

He runs up to the still-moving trailer, dives for its towing hook, the cable goes taut --

-- and he falls short. Just by six inches, but he's out of cable.

EDDIE

Damn it!

112 INSIDE THE TRAILER, 112

Nick and Sarah are now together, clinging to the rope near the bottom of the trailer as it shifts around them.

Malcolm is further up, also clinging to the rope. Below him, he can see the satellite phone, resting at the edge of the broken glass.

MALCOLM

Nick! Grab the phone!

113 OUTSIDE, 113

dirt and rocks pile up around the wheels and spill over the edge of the cliff.

Eddie, back at the jeep, reels out more winch cable. He turns and races back to the trailer just as gravity starts to LIFT THE FRONT END OFF THE GROUND!

Eddie dives again, and this time the cable hook CLICKS securely into the trailer's towing hook. The trailer lurches toward the edge of the cliff and stops.

But the jeep is jerked forward by the sudden pressure.

114 IN THE TRAILER, 114

Malcolm clings to the rope in the middle of the trailer while Nick and Sarah try to struggle up it, but a sudden dip knocks them back, and their hands slide down the line. SCREAMING, they slide through the trailer and their feet SMASH through the remains of the rear window.

Regaining hold of the rope at the very end, the two of them now find themselves hanging out the rear end of the trailer, dangling over the rocky shore below.

The satellite phone, now momentarily above Nick's face, falls right at him, he gets two fingers on it --

-- but it slips away, falling and SMASHING on the rocks so far below.

115 IN THE JEEP, 115

Eddie hits the gas and the tires slosh in the mud, trying to get a grip. The jeep pulls just enough to lower the front trailer back to earth. But the tires spin, fighting to hold it there.

116 ON THE CLIFFSIDE, 116

Sarah and Nick dangle, desperate.

117 IN THE JEEP, 117

Eddie CHUNKS the shifter into four wheel drive and GUNS the engine. As the motor ROARS, the sound is topped by another ROAR, in the distance.

And this one's not a machine. But Eddie doesn't hear it. He GUNS the engine again. There is another ROAR from the jungle.

Eddie hears this one. He darts a look at the side view mirror. In it, he sees one of the TYRANNOSAURS bolt out of the jungle behind him.

He GASPS and looks at the other side view. In it, he sees the OTHER REX racing toward him.

The tyrannosaurs STOMP forward to confront the ROARING jeep. The first rex bends over, CHOMPS down on the rear tire, and lifts the car in its teeth.

But the spinning tire ZINGS in the rex's mouth, burning it. Surprised by the fight in this foe, the rex loses its grip and the jeep BANGS back down onto the ground.

Eddie, horrified, dives down under the steering wheel, to get away. The gas pedal pops up --

-- which makes the trailer pitch over the side of the cliff.

But the rex STOMPS down on the jeep to prevent its escape. The trailers stop.

Now the rexes lean down, over the jeep, and focus on Eddie, who still cowers under the steering wheel. The first rex SNAPS at him, hitting the steering wheel and inflating the air bag.

Angry, the rex RIPS away the bag, POPPING it. But the rex takes most of the steering column with it, leaving Eddie fully exposed. He SCREAMS and the second rex lashes in, seizing him in its teeth and tossing him out of the car.

Eddie pops up into the air between the two rexes, both their heads flash at him at the same time, and in a split-second, he disappears between their teeth.

Now completely ignored, the jeep rolls freely forward and the trailers drop over the edge of the cliff.

118 INSIDE THE TRAILERS, 118

Nick, Sarah and Malcolm cling to each other and the rope as the trailers fall around them. The windows flash by as the trailers plummet, equipment BANGS and SCRAPES them, but they hold on to the rope, which is still tied to the tree, for dear life.

119 ON THE CLIFFSIDE, 119

the trailers slide the rest of the way, exposing the three, who pop out the space where the front windshield was. Dangling from the rope, they look up and see the jeep, which is now rolling to the edge of the cliff.

It falls, past them, and the whole mess EXPLODES on the rocks below. Finally, it is silent, except for the sound of the surf.

120 EXT CLEARING NIGHT 120

It's quiet up here too, the rexes nowhere to be seen. At the cliff, a hand appears from over the edge. Then another. SARAH pulls herself up, back onto solid ground, then comes NICK, then both of them reach over and help MALCOLM up over the edge.

They collapse there, in the mud, completely exhausted.

MALCOLM
(softly)
Eddie?

He looks at the other two. They glance around, then drop their heads. They can guess. Sarah hears a SOUND in the distance.

SARAH
Oh, God. Now what?

From the edge of the jungle, a cris-cross of flashlight beams moves toward them.

But rather than the three or four that would signify their own group, there are nearly twenty of them.

The HUNTERS. ROLAND is in the lead, AJAY with him, and PETER LUDLOW not far behind. DIETER is there too, shepherding KELLY and DR. JUTTSON along in front of him.

At gunpoint.

SARAH
What the hell is this?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: 120

ROLAND
I was about to ask you the same
question.

CUT TO:

121 EXT RUINED BASE CAMP NIGHT 121

In the ruins of what was once the first team's base camp, the survivors of the night's two separate catastrophes stand face to face, in a heated argument.

MALCOLM sits off to the side, his head in his hands, just looking down at the ground and shaking his head. There's something about his posture of defeat that is far more ominous than any of the hot tempers that are flaring.

While SARAH and LUDLOW argue, DIETER points the barrel of a rifle at NICK, who slaps it away contemptuously.

NICK
Get that the hell out of my face.

DIETER
Sit down and shut up.

LUDLOW
(to Sarah)
Trespassing, sabotage -- you could go
to jail just for _being_ here, did
you know that?

SARAH
Don't start a legal argument with me,
this island is not your property.
The _animals_ are not your property!

LUDLOW
Who sent you here?

SARAH
John Hammond, the CEO of _your_
corporation.

LUDLOW
Hammond doesn't run InGen anymore,
_I_ do, and _I_ am in control of this
situation!

DR. JUTTSON, looking around furtively, interrupts.

JUTTSON
(an urgent whisper)
Will you keep your voices down!

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

Dieter is still aiming the gun at Nick.

NICK
Are you looking for a problem?
'Cause you found one.

ROLAND
Back off, Dieter.

JUTTSON
Listen to me, by moving the baby rex into our camp, we changed the adults' perceived territory!

LUDLOW
Their what?

SARAH
(she understands)
Oh, God.

JUTTSON
That's why they persisted in destroying the trailers, they now feel they have to defend this entire area! We're not safe here.

LUDLOW
(of Sarah and Nick)
Thanks to you.

SARAH
Hey, we came here to observe, you came here to strip-mine the place! It's a looter mentality, all you care about is what you can take.

ROLAND
None of that matters. Our communication equipment's been destroyed. If your radio and satellite phone were in those trailers that went off the cliff, and I'm guessing by the look on his face --

He points at Malcolm, who is still off to the side, sitting in stunned silence.

ROLAND (cont'd)
-- that they were, then it's gone too.

Malcolm looks up and nods, slowly. The grimness of their situation sinks in.

ROLAND (cont'd)
So we are stuck here, ladies and gentlemen. And we're stuck together.

CUT TO:

122 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 122

In a small clearing in the jungle, members of the two groups combine their diminished supplies. They have half a dozen large plastic containers of water, thirty-seven containers of food, ranging from Ziploc bags to aluminum tins, a variety of weapons, most of them borne on the hips or shoulders of the HUNTER team, the charred and scraggly remnants of several pieces of now-useless electrical equipment, a flare gun and several flares, somebody's tattered paperback ("Crime and Punishment"), a box of Hershey bars, and a carton of Marlboros.

ROLAND supervises the assembling of the resources, which are displayed in front of him. LUDLOW, NICK, SARAH, and MALCOLM are with him. They hold their discussion in quiet tones.

ROLAND
We can't stay in the rex's territory. We have to move out of here.

SARAH
Move where? Our boat's not coming for two days, your airlift is waiting for an order you have no way to send --

LUDLOW
There's a communication center in the worker village that was never dismantled. Hammond put in some kind of renewable power source, cost millions, supposed to never need replenishing. It may still work. If we could get there, we could send a radio call for the airlift.

NICK
How far is the village?

LUDLOW
I said _if_ we could get there.

NICK
Well, how far is it?

LUDLOW
A day's walk, maybe more. That's not the problem.

ROLAND
What _is_?

LUDLOW
The velociraptors.

Malcolm looks up sharply.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Our infrareds show their nesting sites are concentrated in the island interior. That's why we planned on keeping to the outer rim.

DIETER
What are velociraptors?

JUTTSON
Carnivores. Pack hunters. About eight feet long, five or six hundred pounds, and very, very fast.

Dieter brandishes his weapon.

DIETER
I think we can handle ourselves against them.

Malcolm steps forward, joining the conversation for the first time.

MALCOLM
No. I'm quite certain you can't.

ROLAND
Look, we have two choices. We can hike back down to the lagoon, where we can sit for two days, in the open, next to a heavily used water source while we're waiting for your boat to arrive, or we can head for the village, where we might find some shelter and we _can_ call for help.

MALCOLM
We'd never make it past the raptors. Trust me, I have some experience in this matter.

Roland looks at him.

ROLAND
That may be. But you weren't with _me_ at the time.

122 CONTINUED: 2 122

Malcolm just shakes his head, then turns and walks away. Roland turns to the others.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Load up. Let's get this moveable feast underway.

CUT TO:

123 EXT ISLAND NIGHT DAWN? MORNING 123

The battered, one-eyed hunter vehicle, their lone remaining set of wheels, GROANS forward. The truck is piled high with equipment, including the disassembled high hide, once again a jumble of aluminum struts, and the long, circular safety coffins we saw on the dock back in Costa Rica. The SURVIVORS set forth alongside the truck, marching through the jungle in a column.

Two HUNTERS strap on small shoulder-mounted servo-flashlights. Wires run from the lights and end in sensor pads which they stick to the skin of their necks. Thus attached, when the hunters turn their heads, the servo-lights turn with them, illuminating whatever direction they look in.

MALCOLM screws the barrel into the Lindstradt rifle and slings it over his shoulder. ROLAND pulls open the front door of the truck as it passes. DR. JUTTSON, tired and sweaty already, sees the opportunity and scurries up to the moving vehicle. He raises one leg to climb inside, but Roland grabs him by the collar and pulls him back.

ROLAND
(to KELLY)
You. Ride for a while.

Kelly doesn't argue, just hurries into the empty seat and closes the door. Juttson sighs and marches on with the rest of the group.

Malcolm lags a bit behind, limping heavily. Roland notices him and stops, waiting, falling into stride with him.

ROLAND (cont'd)
How'd you bust up the leg?

Malcolm looks at him. What the hell?

MALCOLM
A tyrannosaur bit me.

Roland stares at him as they march. Then he looks away.

ROLAND
Ouch.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

MALCOLM
You ever heard of Gambler's Ruin?

ROLAND
What's that?

MALCOLM
A statistical phenomenon. Says everything in the world goes in streaks. It's real, you see it everywhere -- in weather, in river flooding, in baseball, in blackjack, in stock markets. Once things go bad, they tend to stay bad. Bad things cluster. They go to hell together.

ROLAND
Feeling a bit blue, are we?

MALCOLM
Just very, very -- human.

ROLAND
Why did you come here?

MALCOLM
So that others would know about this place.

ROLAND
Why should they?

MALCOLM
Because it exists.

ROLAND
It'll still exist if they go on not knowing, won't it?

MALCOLM
Yes. And people will live in the absence of truth.

ROLAND
So the truth is more important to you than your life?

MALCOLM
(thinks)
Apparently so.

Roland shrugs and shakes his head. Malcolm looks at him.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Why are you here?

ROLAND
Somewhere on this island, there exists the greatest predator that ever lived. And the second greatest predator must take him down.

MALCOLM
But why?

ROLAND
You remember that guy, about twenty years ago, I forget his name, but he climbed Everest without any oxygen, came down almost dead. And they asked him, "Why did you go up there to die?" And he said "I didn't. I went up there to live."

MALCOLM
(nods)
It's called self-testing. No other animal does it. Only man. But in your case, it sounds more like self-destruction. No other animal does that either. In fact, human beings destroy things so well that I sometimes think that's our function. Maybe every few eons, some animal comes along that kills off the rest of the world, clears the decks, and lets evolution proceed to its next phase. Maybe death and destruction are our job, maybe we're supposed to destroy ourselves and every other living-

Roland stops abruptly, grabs Malcolm by the shirt collar, and jerks him to a stop. He pulls him close.

ROLAND
You can say whatever you want, to me. But unless your thoughts are of a somewhat sunnier nature, you don't speak to anyone else in the group. I'm fighting panic, and you push the wrong buttons. Understand?

Malcolm looks at him. People don't speak to him that way.

CUT TO:

124 EXT JUNGLE ~~NIGHT~~ ~~[illegible]~~ DAY 124

The sweaty group slogs through the jungle. Some of the SURVIVORS are starting to tire, and there are spaces in the column.

MALCOLM's limp seems to be getting worse. NICK reaches out, to take Malcolm's pack, but Malcolm swats his hand away.

Ahead of them, the battered truck is stuck in a mudslide, its wheels WHINING and spinning uselessly. ROLAND hurries up and hits it with his shoulder, joining the group of FOUR or FIVE HUNTERS who GRUNT and push at the rear.

The wheels finally grab hold of solid earth and the truck leaps forward, out of the mud, dumping all the pushers in its wake. Exhausted, they get to their feet and trudge on.

KELLY marches by herself. A few feet ahead of her, three HUNTERS mutter among themselves in dark tones. SARAH catches up to Kelly, startling her.

SARAH
Only me.

KELLY
Dr. Harding --

SARAH
Sarah.

KELLY
Oh. Okay. Those guys ahead of us?

SARAH
What about 'em?

KELLY
They said we're not going to make it, Sarah.

Sarah looks at her.

SARAH
There's something you might as well learn right now. All your life, people will tell you things. And most of the time, probably ninety-five percent of the time, what they'll tell you will be wrong. Human beings are so stuffed with misinformation it's hard to know who to believe.

She puts an arm around her.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

SARAH (cont'd)
We are going to make it, Kelly.

Kelly looks up at her.

KELLY
I believe you.

NEAR THE REAR OF THE LINE,

DR. JUTTSON pauses, GASPING for air. He sits on a rock, mopping his brow. But as the column pulls away from him, Juttson hears an ANIMAL CRY from the jungle around him. He leaps to his feet and scurries to catch up to the group.

The long march continues.

125 EXT JUNGLE DAWN 125

As a purple dawn dissolves the night sky, the SURVIVORS stagger on, exhausted. MALCOLM, who seems to grow stronger as the march goes on, catches up to ROLAND at the front.

MALCOLM
I think you should call a break.

ROLAND
Another half hour.

MALCOLM
Some of them won't make another half hour. We didn't come this far to start dropping in the middle of the jungle. If you don't call it, I will.

Roland looks at him and breaks into a smile.

ROLAND
Glad to see you back with the living.
(to the group)
FIVE MINUTE BREAK!

Immediately, the marchers drop where they stood, absolutely drained.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GROUP,

PETER LUDLOW drops onto a rock to rest. Looking down, he notices something behind the rock. It's an animal nest of some kind, three large, spotted eggs resting in the middle of it.

Ludlow looks around. Nobody watching. He picks up one of the eggs carefully and slips it into his shoulder bag.

(CONTINUED)

NEARBY,

MALCOLM checks the bag of videotapes, making sure they're still dry and undamaged. NICK watches him.

NICK
Even if we get those tapes back, you know people will say they're fakes. Your own alien autopsy video.

MALCOLM
Maybe. Maybe not.

NICK
Bet on it. No one's going to believe dinosaurs really exist until somebody dumps a T-rex in the middle of Times Square.

AT THE REAR OF THE GROUP,

DIETER STARK pulls a wad of toilet paper from his pack, drops the pack on the ground, and turns to the HUNTER near him, who has his back turned.

DIETER
Wait here for me, will ya Carter?

He steps off the path, into the jungle. But as we come around the front of the Hunter he spoke to, we see the man is wearing a Walkman, the headphones BLARING tinnily in his ears.

And he didn't hear a word.

126 EXT THICK OF THE JUNGLE DAY 126

Only a few feet off the path, it's primary forest, undisturbed by the hand of man, the growth so thick that almost all sunlight is obscured. DIETER claws forward until he finds a suitable spot to relieve himself.

He clears away a bunch of leaves and debris and raises his hand to his belt buckle. He freezes, hearing something we didn't. He glances around, head darting, alert to any danger.

Nothing there. Just a few distant ANIMAL CALLS --

-- and a SCURRYING sound to his left.

Dieter snaps his head in that direction. At first, he sees nothing, but as he moves closer, gun extended in front of him, he sees a small dinosaur, COMPSOGNATHUS by name, a chicken-sized animal that stands upright on its hind legs, balanced by a thick tail.

126 CONTINUED: 126

DIETER
It's not polite to --

With a sharp CRACK, he smacks the butt end of his gun down on top of the little dinosaur.

DIETER (cont'd)
-- sneak up on people.

The wounded compsognathus scurries back into the jungle, whimpering.

Dieter turns back the way he came. He clambers through the foliage ten or twelve paces, pushes aside two large palm fronds, and steps out into --

-- more jungle. He stops, puzzled.

He looks behind him. He certainly doesn't want to go that way. He pauses, recalculating the path he took coming into the jungle, MUTTERING to himself, gesturing with his hands, retracing his steps.

He adjusts his angle slightly to the right and heads off in that direction. But after five or six hard-fought steps, he stops again. Still nothing but jungle.

DIETER
HEY!! CARTER! YELL OR SOMETHING, I GOT TURNED AROUND IN HERE!

127 ON THE TRAIL, 127

Dieter's cries are faint, but audible. The only Marcher near enough to hear him is the HUNTER with the Walkman. But the MUSIC is blaring.

DIETER (o.s.)
(faintly)
. . . Carter . . . me? . . .

128 IN THE JUNGLE, 128

Dieter hears that SCURRYING sound again, this time from his right.

He adjusts his angle again and SCRAPES through the foliage, moving faster and faster. Panicking, he tries to run, but the roots rise high out of the ground in the jungle, and he trips on one and falls flat on his face.

He looks up. The SCURRYING sound comes again, this time ten times louder than before, like a hundred feet coming at him.

Dieter GASPS as something rushes in at him.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

He whirls to his right. Whatever it is rushes in from that side as well. And the left. And behind him. Dieter scrambles up into a sitting position --

-- and laughs. He is surrounded by at least forty compys now, the same as the one he wounded. For a long moment, they just stare at him. Slowly, he brings his gun around, to point it at them.

DIETER
Easy -- wait -- one more sec-

As one, the compys SHRIEK and hurl themselves forward, covering Dieter's body. Their teeth and claws FLASH as they each try to grab a scrap of his flesh, tearing savagely.

Dieter SCREAMS and flails, waving his arms and legs wildly. Some of the tiny animals lose their grip and sail off, SMASHING into trees or the ground. But dozens of others hang on, and Dieter falls over backwards, now lying on his back on the ground.

Hysterical, he fights like hell to get to his feet, SCREAMING, shaking, and swatting the compys loose. He spins, and that tactic seems to work, as the compys themselves begin to panic and drop off of him. But he also loses his grip on his weapon, which goes flying, landing in the thick foliage five or six feet from him.

Losing the attack, the compys turn and dart away en masse, stopping ten yards away from him. But they turn and regroup, facing him in a line, hopping up and down, CHIRPING and SHRIEKING.

Dieter doesn't wait around for the second wave. He bounds into the foliage, looking for his gun. But the compys follow him in and he's forced to flee, abandoning his lost weapon.

Ten feet on, he stops, knowing he's screwed without the gun. He turns to face the pursuing compys.

They stop.

Dieter charges them, SHOUTING, waving his arms.

The compys turn and run. Dieter stops.

The compys stop. They stare back at him. There is a moment of quiet, then they start to hop again, CHIRPING and SQUEALING.

Dieter, tired of this game, turns and runs away.

The compys follow.

129 EXT JUNGLE DAY 129

From the front of the convoy, ROLAND SHOUTS out.

ROLAND
Break's over, move on!

The exhausted marchers drag themselves back to their feet and start to march again. At the rear of the group, someone taps the HUNTER Dieter asked to wait for him, who is still listening to his music.

The Hunter gets up, straps his backpack on, and marches away.

Behind him, Dieter's pack is left, forgotten, on the jungle trail.

130 EXT DEEP IN THE JUNGLE DAY 130

DIETER stumbles along, exhausted. He reaches the edge of a stream that runs under the foliage, and his feet slip on the stones. He falls, into the rocky stream.

Behind him, the army of compys pours over the little hill he just crested. They disappear for a moment, down an incline --

-- and then swarm over his body. In a frenzy of splashing, Dieter shrugs them off and crawls away, through the stream.

But the compys stay with him this time, biting, nibbling, gnawing. At the edge of the stream, Dieter grabs hold of a root, to pull himself up, out of the reddening water.

A compy leaps up onto his hand and sinks its teeth into his knuckles. Dieter SCREAMS, loses his grip on the root, and falls into the mass of wriggling carnivores.

CUT TO:

131 EXT JUNGLE DAY 131

The group has stopped again. Near the rear, SARAH, NICK, MALCOLM, LUDLOW, and ROLAND are in a tense conversation with the HUNTER with the Walkman (now off).

ROLAND
How long ago was this?

HUNTER
Seven, eight minutes.

Roland looks at them, thinking. Finally:

ROLAND
Then he's dead. Nobody tells the little girl. Last thing we need is screaming hysterics.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

He turns and heads back to the front of the column.

SARAH
We have to send someone to look for him!

ROLAND
You go if you like, but we're not waiting for you. MOVE IT OUT!!

They look at each other, appalled, but the column starts to move. Numbed, shocked, but left with no choice, they move on, one by one.

CUT TO:

132 EXT ISLAND RIDGE DUSK 132

The column of MARCHERS has finally reached the island ridge, where they are silhouetted against the setting sun. ROLAND and LUDLOW step up to the very edge of the ridge and peer over it, into the island interior. From their vantage point, they're able to see all the way to the far side of the island, a rim of hard black cliff, miles away. Between here and the cliffs there is nothing but gently undulating jungle.

LUDLOW
The worker village is down in there, about a mile and a half northwest from the base of these cliffs. There's a pathway to get down there, I'll show you --

Roland looks at the MARCHERS, now sprawled out on rocks or leaning against trees, completely drained.

ROLAND
It'll have to wait till morning. Let's make camp.

CUT TO:

133 EXT CAMPSITE NIGHT 133

The group has made camp in the jungle. The mood is somber, most of the MARCHERS asleep already, the rest trying to shovel down some cold food before turning in.

Off to one side, NICK, MALCOLM, and JUTTSON are sitting in front of the mess of metal that is the high hide, trying to figure out how to raise it. Malcolm is poring over the complicated instructions, which are printed on the bottom of the platform.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: 133

NICK
You said you knew how to do this.

MALCOLM
I said Eddie knew how to do this.

JUTTSON
(reading the plans)
-- coupling C-7 into lateral strut
receptor and twist as shown --

He twists two aluminum bars, which promptly fall apart.

134 ACROSS THE CAMP, 134

KELLY squats near the edge of camp, a big smile on her face, her hand outstretched toward the foliage.

KELLY
Look at you, you're so cute! Come
here -- I won't hurt you -- come
on --

A COMPSOGNATHUS, the small, chicken-sized carnivore that introduced itself to Dieter earlier, edges forward out of the bush, towards Kelly's outstretched hand.

KELLY (cont'd)
Come on, sweetie -- you want a
cracker?

She stretches her hand even further, holding a Saltine in her fingers. The compy edges forward. Lurking in the growth just behind the compy are the shining eyes of a dozen of its friends.

135 AT THE OTHER END OF CAMP, 135

PETER LUDLOW tries to stay out of sight of the others. He has started a very small cooking fire, and put a frying pan on it.

Now he reaches into his shoulder bag and pulls out the egg he found earlier. He cracks it on the edge of the frying pan and it SIZZLES as it hits the heat.

The smoke from the cooking fire rises slowly into the night air.

136 BACK WITH KELLY, 136

the compy has edged ever closer to her outstretched hand, still holding the cracker.

KELLY
Come on -- take it -- it's good!

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: 136

The compy opens its mouth wide, much too wide to just take the cracker, revealing a row of jagged, razor-sharp teeth. It HISSES --

SARAH (o.s.)
Kelly?

-- and SARAH appears behind Kelly. The compy pulls back and SNAPS its mouth shut, as if caught at something.

SARAH (cont'd)
What's this?

KELLY
I don't know. Is it big enough to be a dinosaur?

SARAH
Sure. People always think they were huge, but the average dinosaur was the size of a sheep.

KELLY
What kind is it?

Three or four more compys waddle forward.

SARAH
(suspicious)
Compsognathus, I think. They were mostly scavengers, but let's ask Dr. Juttson to take a look before you feed 'em, okay?

137 IN FRONT OF A TENT, 137

AJAY sits quietly reading "Crime and Punishment." He looks up, sniffing the air. Across the camp, he sees the narrow plume of smoke from Ludlow's cooking fire. He turns and calls into the tent behind him.

AJAY
Roland.

138 AT THE HIGH HIDE, 138

the men have succeeded in getting the little house assembled, but none of the rest of the structure.

NICK
Look, forget the legs, we'll hang it by a cable from the winch.

139 IN SARAH'S TENT, 139

a piece of cold meat sits in a metal tin at the back of a small cage. Two COMPYS wander into the cage after the meat --

-- and the door TINGS shut behind them. Sarah and Kelly stand over the cage, one of three into which they have lured half a dozen of the little animals.

SARAH
These guys are smarter than you'd think. Some of the smaller African scavengers actually follow the large predators around and wait for them to make their kills.

140 PETER LUDLOW, 140

still cooking his eggs, looks up suddenly as a dark shadow passes over him. It's Roland, carrying a metal bowl of soup.

ROLAND
You think I like cold soup? I said no cooking fires.

141 AT THE HIGH HIDE, 141

Malcolm lifts a hand-held catapult gun, a rounded weight protruding from the end of the barrel.

A long cable runs from the weight, across the ground, and connects to a coil of cable on the electric winch they salvaged from the AAV.

MALCOLM
(still reading plans)
Fire cable over secure horizontal support.
(looking up)
Secure horizontal support . . .

142 IN SARAH'S TENT, 142

the compys suddenly start to CHATTER and SQUEAK.

KELLY
What's the matter with them?

143 AT THE COOKING FIRE, 143

Ludlow has skulked off, leaving Roland alone with the fire. He is about to kick it out, then changes his mind, looks right and left, and puts his bowl of soup on it to heat it up.

There is a soft BOOM somewhere in the distance, and the soup vibrates, concentric circles shooting out from the middle.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

Impact tremors.

Roland looks up, alarmed. But in the distance, he sees the source of the impact.

Dieter is pounding a stake in the ground, to anchor the electric winch for the high hide.

BOOM! He hits it again with a sledgehammer.

And Roland's soup vibrates, concentric circles again. Roland breathes a sigh of relief.

BOOM! Another impact tremor in his soup.

Roland looks up at the guys again. Dieter raises the sledgehammer --

BOOM!

-- but he hadn't brought it down yet.

144 IN SARAH'S TENT, 144

the compys are really freaking out, SQUEAKING and CHIRPING like crazy. Sarah and Kelly look at each other, sharing a terrible thought.

KELLY

You said they -- follow the -- the large --

SARAH

Predators.

145 AT THE COOKING FIRE, 145

Roland looks around, eyes blazing. Turning to his right, he freezes, seeing something. He looks up, and up, and up --

-- and scrambles, racing backwards across the ground to cower underneath the battered hunter vehicle.

A TYRANNOSAUR HEAD dips down in front of him and SNIFFS the cooking fire. A thick, dark blue tongue slides out of its mouth and it scarfs up Roland's soup.

146 AT THE HIGH HIDE, 146

the three Men have frozen, staring at the rex in absolute terror. It walks towards them.

SMASH! The rex's nose comes down hard and fast and chomps the worklight they had set up while trying to put together the hide.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

NICK
(a whisper)
It ate the light!

MALCOLM
Don't -- even -- breathe.

Juttson, Malcolm, and Nick stand frozen, silhouetted by the light of the full moon, while the rex stands in the middle of the camp, surveying things.

147 IN SARAH'S TENT, 147

Sarah and Kelly work frantically, stuffing all the food into Ziploc bags, sealing up anything that would make a scent of any kind.

SARAH
The sleeping bag!

Now they seal themselves, leaping into Sarah's sleeping bag and drawing the zipper up, all the way around themselves.

The compys continue to SHRIEK in terror in their cages.

Outside, the silhouette of the rex's head passes by the tent. Sarah works faster, her fingers struggling to close the last few inches, but --

-- the rex head pokes through the flap of the tent.

Instantly and instinctively, the compys shut up. The rex sniffs, SNORTING the air in and out. It looks around the tent, cocking its head.

In the sleeping bag, Sarah and Kelly's eyes are barely visible, wide in panic. The rex sniffs and nudges the bag, trying to figure out what this thing is.

It rolls the bag over once, closer to the compy cages. Sarah gets an idea. She pushes one hand out through the opening at the top of the sleeping bag and snakes it forward, toward the cages.

She FLICKS the latches, one by one, opening the doors. The compys SQUEAL and leap out of the cages, scattering around the tent.

The rex head flashes, SNAPPING up the fleeing compys. Then it rises, straight up --

-- taking the whole tent with it! The stakes pop out of the ground as the tent rises high up into the air and flutters away, leaving the sleeping bag fully exposed on the ground beneath it.

148 AT THE HIGH HIDE, 148

Nick snatches up the video camera and flicks it on. Malcolm raises the catapult gun and FIRES, shooting the cable lead up and over a horizontal branch high above them.

Across the camp, the rex snaps its head around at the sound of the gunshot. And now the SECOND TYRANNOSAUR steps out of the jungle, joining the first.

The cable sails over the branch and lands on the ground with a THUD. Malcolm races over to it, picks it up, and hooks it up to the electric winch.

149 NEAR THE COOKING FIRE, 149

Roland makes a break for his gun, which is leaning outside his tent.

The first rex spots the movement and whirls, giving chase. It STOMPS through the camp after Roland, who has to change his plan.

He veers away from the rex, and toward a row of the silver safety coffins, now stacked next to the battered truck.

Roland throws open the door on the nearest coffin, jumps inside, and CLANGS the door shut behind him.

The rex grabs the cage in its outstretched jaws and lifts it up, off the ground. It shakes it once, to break its neck if it's an animal.

150 AT THE HIGH HIDE, 150

Malcolm hits the switch on the electric winch and it starts to turn.

Nick, still shooting video, jumps into the now-rising hide, as does Juttson. The second rex sees them and turns toward the hide.

NICK

IAN, RUN!

Malcolm runs for the hide, his injured left leg slowing him down.

The rex moves fast, crossing the camp as the high hide's metal house rises into the air, lifted by the metal cable over the branch.

PETER LUDLOW bolts across the camp ahead of Malcolm and leaps into the metal structure as it rises off the ground, now five feet, now six.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

Malcolm leaps too, and barely makes it, holding on to the lowest strut.

The rex races at top speed, toward his ascending legs --

-- Nick reaches down and hauls Malcolm up --

-- and the rex SNAPS. It misses the guys, but gets a firm hold on the lower struts of the platform. It thrashes its head, SNAPPING poles and twisting the GRINDING metal in its teeth.

The men hang on for dear life. The winch keeps pulling, thankfully, and when the rex opens its jaws to adjust its grip on the hide, it jerks up, suddenly, all the way up to the height of the tree branch. It CLUNKS to a stop, out of reach of the animal's jaws. The four men cling to the bars, suspended, their position precarious but safe for the moment.

151 IN THE SAFETY COFFIN, 151

Roland's eyes are all whites. He stares out through the bars of the safety coffin, but that's not all he has to look through, he's also looking out through the second rex's teeth, as he's still held securely in its jaws.

But then, suddenly, he's not. The rex lets go and Roland sees the ground approaching, fast. The cage SMASHES through the windshield of the truck and jerks to a halt.

But then the teeth return, gripping the cage and lifting it up in the air again.

Now the cage is flung through the air. It sails across the camp, giving Roland a fleeting view of Malcolm and the others up in the high hide. But that image blurs right by and Roland's "viewing screen" fills with something else.

Water. He's flying down, toward a pond. He hits it with a SPLASH and his viewing screen becomes an underwater one, looking upwards as he lies in the shallow pond.

The coffin fills with water.

Roland holds his breath as, above him, HUNTERS panic, running right over him.

After a moment, the water VIBRATES with an impact tremor and the rex, distorted by the swirling water, races past overhead.

When it's gone, Roland flings open the coffin and GASPS for air.

152 IN THE CAMP, 152

Sarah and Kelly peek out of the sleeping bag. The camp is empty.

CUT TO:

153 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 153

HUNTERS flee in all directions, but most of them are channelled down a narrow flood gully, its sides steep and slick with mud and rainwater.

The TWO TYRANNOSAURS pursue them, gaining fast.

One hunter, the music lover, stumbles and falls in the muddy trail. An enormous tyrannosaur foot STOMPS down on him, burying him in its muddy footprint.

154 EXT JUNGLE CLEARING NIGHT 154

On the edge of the jungle, the routed band of HUNTERS emerges from the gully at the edge of the jungle. Ahead of them, there is a large open plain covered by long "elephant" grass.

AJAY, running along with them, stops abruptly at the edge of the grass, SHOUTING to the others.

AJAY
NO! DON'T GO INTO THE LONG GRASS!

But in the frenzy, they ignore him. Behind Ajay, the enormous shadows of the two pursuing tyrannosaurs stop as well, holding up at the edge of the jungle.

Ajay, torn between a sense of responsibility and his better judgment, opts for the former and races into the grass after the other Hunters, waving his arms.

155 ON THE PLAIN, 155

the group of Hunters wades into the middle of the long grass. One of them stops and turns, looking back at the jungle trees.

HUNTER
It gave up! It's not chasing us!

There are CHEERS, SIGHS of relief. In the distance, AJAY'S VOICE can be heard, faintly calling to them to come back.

But in the giddiness of their escape, they pay it no mind. They continue plowing into the high grass, anything to get further away from the tyrannosaurs.

ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AWAY,

(CONTINUED)

the tops of three animal heads rise up slowly, backlit by the full moon. In the distance, the heads can see the Hunter party. The heads descend, back into the grass.

BACK WITH THE HUNTERS,

they continue forward, oblivious. Now behind them, four more heads rise up in the grass. And then descend.

On all sides of the Hunters, the grass ripples as animals move forward toward them, undetected, inexorable as torpedoes.

And these torpedoes are on target. One Hunter is suddenly dragged down, yanked silently below the surface of the tall grass. In his place, a long, lizard-like tail rises up as the animal drops its head to make the kill.

Behind him, two more Hunters are taken down, and two more animal tails rise up in their place.

A Hunter ahead hears the RUSTLING and turns. His face turns white as, behind him --

-- a VELOCIRAPTOR springs out of the grass.

About eight feet long and five or six feet high, velociraptor is a perfect killing machine. It runs upright on its powerfully muscled hind legs, the second toe of each foot bearing an extra-large curved claw, carried in a retracted position, with which it slashes on attack.

Like now. This velociraptor SNARLS and SLAMS into the body of the Hunter, taking him down. A feeding frenzy ensues. The Hunters run in all directions, but are pulled down and vanish into the twitching long grass.

Another raptor enters from the right, leaps high into the air, past the full moon, SLAMS into the chest of another human prey, and takes him down, into the grass.

Behind them, Ajay's face falls, defeated. He looks around, realizing he too is now stranded in the middle of the long grass.

Around him, four torpedo trails head straight for him.

Ajay simply closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

156 EXT RUINED CAMPSITE NIGHT 156

SARAH, MALCOLM, KELLY, NICK, ROLAND, DR. JUTTSON, and PETER LUDLOW stand in the ruins of their campsite, their ranks decimated, spirits shattered.

Kelly, nearly catatonic with fear, clings to Sarah now, and it doesn't look as if she'll ever let go.

Malcolm stands over the shambles of a tent, picking through the wreckage. He finds the Lindstradt rifle, intact.

ROLAND
Peter.

Ludlow, shellshocked as the rest, looks up from where he's sitting cross-legged on the ground.

ROLAND (cont'd)
You said you knew a path down into the interior. Can you find it at night?

LUDLOW
I -- think so.

ROLAND
(to Malcolm)
How many rounds did you find for that weapon?

MALCOLM
Four, counting the one in the chamber.

ROLAND
Don't let it out of your hands again.
(to Sarah, but looking at Kelly)
Can the kid walk?

SARAH
Ask her.

ROLAND
(in no mood)
Can the kid walk?

KELLY
I can. I can walk.

While he addresses the group, Roland straps on one of the servo-lights, the shoulder-mounted flashlights that follow your gaze.

ROLAND
Load up whatever you think you need, and I mean need. If you can't carry it indefinitely, don't bring it.
(MORE)

156 CONTINUED: 2 156

ROLAND (cont'd)
We'll hit the worker village in a couple hours and be out of here before dawn.

AT THE EDGE OF CAMP,

Roland bends over one of the three-toed footprints left by the rex. Behind him, the rest of the group is packing up, slinging the remnants of their equipment over their shoulders.

Roland bends over and SNIFFS the footprint. It's filled with a liquid of some kind. He takes his canteen, dumps the remaining water into the ground, and plunges the canteen into the footprint, filling it. Ludlow hovers over his shoulder.

LUDLOW
What is that?

ROLAND
Piss.

Ludlow doesn't ask.

NOW AT THE FIRE,

Roland stares down at the ashes of the cooking fire that led to such disaster. He grabs a handful of the ash and shoves it in his pants pocket.

CUT TO:

157 EXT VALLEY OF DEATH NIGHT 157

ROLAND and LUDLOW (who, along with Sarah and Malcolm, is also wearing a servo-light now) maneuver down a rugged hillside and come out in a flattened area. Ludlow GASPS, looking at whatever is ahead of him in wonderment. MALCOLM breaks through the hillside's foliage a moment later. He too stares in amazement.

SARAH and KELLY come next, then NICK, then JUTTSON. One by one, they all stop and stare.

SARAH
God help us.

NICK
In case anybody's curious -- I don't feel lucky today.

They're standing in a flat, sandy area lined with boulders at the sides. The flat area stretches fifty yards from side to side and as far as they can see ahead. But that's not what amazes them so.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: 157

Everywhere, the sand is dotted with dinosaur skeletons. Some are huge, apatosaurs, sixty feet from head to tail tip. Others are smaller, herbivores of many different kinds.

The more intact skeletons lie on their sides, their ribcages arcs of pale bone. But just as many have been ripped apart, bits of carcass tossed in every direction.

ROLAND
Keep moving.

They march on, tiny figures moving among the mountainous skeletons.

158 FURTHER ON, 158

Malcolm looks up, noticing the bony shapes around them, which fall in heavy shadows like cell bars, seem to be changing.

He turns, and his servo-light shines on the bones. But they're not bones any more at all, they're pipes, the animal graveyard now given over to the lifeless skeletons of manmade objects -- twisted, rotting machinery.

LUDLOW
I think we made it!

Roland notices something on the ground and stops, squatting to examine it. The rest of the group hurries up a small rise. Over the rise --

159 EXT WORKER VILLAGE NIGHT 159

-- they find themselves at the edge of what was once Isla Sorna's worker village. The size of a football field, the town is divided by a main street that's dotted on both sides by stores, residences, cafes, a gas station. All the way at the far end is a large, blocky, four-story building.

But the town is a mess. There must have been a hurricane or some other horrible natural disaster, for everywhere things are smashed, broken, upended. And the jungle has stepped into the breach, growing up, around, and over everything.

Vines hang from the roofs, panes of glass are broken, huge, snarled root systems snake through the street, making it a crowded, tangled mess.

MALCOLM
The jungle. It's always ready to return.

Roland catches up and looks at Ludlow.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

ROLAND
Where's the power and radio setup?

LUDLOW
Operations building. Far end of the street.

A light rain falls as they start down the street, carefully, silently, Roland and Malcolm with their weapons at the ready. They pass the skeleton of a fallen water tower. An empty gas station, its vine-snarled pumps now useless.

No one dares speak. The only sound is the low mechanical HUM of the servo-lights as they follow the group's gazes obediently.

Finally, they reach the operations building, at the far end of the town.

LUDLOW
The radio rig is inside. It runs directly from the geothermal generator, so power shouldn't be a problem.

ROLAND
Good.

He pulls out his canteen. Ludlow watches as he screws the top off, moves toward the building, and starts splashing the contents on the outside of it.

The rest of the group just stares at him.

MALCOLM
What's he got in there?

LUDLOW
Piss.

SARAH
What?

LUDLOW
Don't ask me. The guy's completely out to lunch.

NICK
Piss? What in God's name would he want with --

Roland rejoins them.

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND
Tyrannosaur urine, and I don't want anything to do with it. Neither does any other animal on this island. This building is now demarcated as the rex's territory. As long as you stay in that building, you'll all be safe until the helicopter comes.

He drops his pack, swings his gun off his shoulder, and checks the load. Dr. Juttson looks fearful.

JUTTSON
Where are you going?

ROLAND
After the rex. I saw a fresh set of tracks back there. If I'm not back in time, don't wait for me.

MALCOLM
You've got to be kidding.

ROLAND
Runs against my nature to hole up in a cave and wait.

LUDLOW
What about us?

ROLAND
You? You're coming with me, remember?

Ludlow stares at him for a long moment, and then his eyes light up the way they did on the first round-up. He takes off his hat and turns to Nick.

LUDLOW
You know how to work a radio, don't you?

SARAH
Wait a minute, wait a minute --

Ludlow takes a slip of paper from the brim of his hat and hands it to Nick.

LUDLOW
This is the broadcast frequency, ID yourself as "Harvest Leader." You know what to tell 'em.

SARAH
You're going to do this now?

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 3 159

ROLAND

Now's the perfect time. The animal just fed, so it won't stalk us for food. Predators don't hunt when they're not hungry.

SARAH

You guys aren't serious with this macho shit, are you?

Ludlow double checks the clip on his semi-automatic rifle --

MALCOLM

I appears --

-- and SMACKS it back into the belly of the gun.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

-- they are.

CUT TO:

160 INT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM NIGHT 160

The console of a sophisticated radio set-up glows brightly, all green, red, and yellow. NICK tunes the dial to a specific frequency. The radio WHINES and HISSES, tuning in.

NICK

(into microphone)

CQ, CQ. This is InGen Operation Harvest Leader to Harvest Base. Come in, please.

The remaining SURVIVORS, minus Ludlow and Roland, shine their flashlights around the dusty, vine-hung interior of the communications room. On the wall a row of chrome letters says "We Make The Future," but the words are obscured by a tangle of vines. Mushrooms and fungi sprout from the carpet.

There is a pause, filled only with radio static. Sarah looks at Nick tensely, waiting. Finally, a VOICE comes over the radio, clean as can be.

VOICE (o.s.)

Go ahead, Harvest Leader.

They all breathe a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

161 EXT MAIN STREET NIGHT 161

With Roland and Ludlow gone on the hunt and the rest of the group inside the operations building, main street stands deserted and silent.

Nearly deserted, anyway. Moonlight shadows lengthen at one end of the street --

-- and FIVE VELOCIRAPTORS stroll into town.

CUT TO:

162 EXT VALLEY OF DEATH NIGHT 162

Amid the giant skeletons of long-dead animals, ROLAND squats over the familiar three-toed print of the tyrannosaur. He looks up, following its direction with his eyes.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pinch of the ashes from the cooking fire that he scooped up earlier. LUDLOW watches as Roland releases them on the wind. They float there for a second, suspended, then blow back at him.

LUDLOW
We're downwind. Good.

Roland looks at him. He gestures for Ludlow to lean close. He does, and Roland WHISPERS in his ear.

ROLAND
If you open your mouth again, I'll
kill you myself.

He sets off, following the tracks. Ludlow follows. They reach a small rise and Roland hits his belly, edging up over it.

Over the rise, he sees the TYRANNOSAUR, about a hundred yards ahead. It's stooped over a pond, drinking. Like a bird, it dips its head in the water and then straightens up, to let the water fall down its throat.

Roland gently FLICKS the safety on his gun to "off."

LUDLOW, trying to stay tucked out of sight behind Roland, edges toward the cover of a low-hanging branch.

As he puts his weight on one knee, it presses down hard on the middle of a small stick, which CRACKS in half. Roland turns, eyes blazing.

Out in the open, the tyrannosaur snaps its head sharply as well, staring in the direction of the sound. But since Roland's own head is turned, he doesn't see the dinosaur's reaction. Roland holds a warning finger out to Ludlow.

162 CONTINUED: 162

And by the time Roland turns his head back, the tyrannosaur is drinking again. It swallows, then turns and walks leisurely off, a slinky shadow blending in with the massive skeletons.

Roland rises and continues his pursuit.

The trail of three-toed tyrannosaur footprints stops abruptly. ROLAND stops too, gesturing for LUDLOW to freeze behind him. Roland glances both ways, looking for any sign of the track. To the right, there is only thickest jungle.

To the left, the ground gives way to hard black volcanic rock. A short distance behind them, the rock is solid, a massive, green, pebbled boulder ten feet high. Roland frowns and WHISPERS in Ludlow's ear again.

ROLAND
He took to the rock.

LUDLOW
Why?

In front of Roland, a palm frond sways gently in the night breeze. Roland's eyes widen. He pulls out another pinch of campfire ash and releases it on the wind. This time, the ash blows off, straight away from him. Roland's face pales.

ROLAND
Wind shift.

They freeze, terrified. Behind them, the enormous green pebbled boulder --

-- turns its head and looks at them.

That's no boulder at all, that's the TYRANNOSAUR, standing rock-solid still, its natural camouflage blending into the surrounding foliage perfectly. Very slowly and almost silently, the rex brings its head all the way around until it is staring directly down at them from about ten feet away.

Roland and Ludlow stand frozen, their backs to the rex, unaware of its presence.

Until it exhales. The soft SNORT of its breath isn't quite audible, but it brushes the hair on the backs of their necks ever so slightly.

Their hearts drop into their stomachs. Ludlow speaks, his voice a queasy HISS.

LUDLOW
It's . . . behind . . . us.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: 2 162

ROLAND
(the very softest whisper)
Don't move. It just fed. It won't attack unless it's threatened.

As the rex silently cocks its head, sizing up the danger from these intruders, it breathes again. A few strands of Ludlow's hair flap in the exhalation. He closes his eyes, near tears. He can't take it. His eyes dart, glancing down at the weapon he holds in his hands. Unfortunately, it's extended in front of him, away from the rex.

He risks another HISS.

LUDLOW
If I don't move -- I can't shoot it.

ROLAND
Let it go, Peter. The animal won.

Behind them, the rex appears satisfied. It starts to swing its massive head around, back toward the jungle. It lifts one great leg and takes a step into the trees.

Roland sighs and closes his eyes, relieved.

But Ludlow seizes the opportunity. He whips his weapon around and drops to one knee.

ROLAND (cont'd)
NO!

The rex is infinitely quicker. Ludlow just has time to squeeze off a short burst of semi-automatic gunfire when the animal whirls, takes one elegant step forward, and POUNCES.

Ludlow's bullets rip harmlessly through the foliage between the rex's legs as its big head snaps forward and comes down, jaws wide. They close around Ludlow's body, lift him straight up into the air, and toss him once, readjusting their grip so it is firmly around his midsection.

The whole combination of movements takes but half a second. By the time Roland turns around, the animal has pivoted and darted back into the jungle, carrying Ludlow, still SCREAMING and writhing in its mouth.

Roland raises his gun, to draw a bead on the animal, but through the shivering trees, he can only see that the tyrannosaur is gone.

CUT TO:

163 INT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM NIGHT 163

MALCOLM, SARAH, NICK, KELLY, and DR. JUTTSON wait nervously in the communications room. An empty can of Dr. Pepper sitting on one of the countertops --

-- begins to RATTLE.

They look over at it, confused, as the lightweight aluminum can CHATTERS on the formica counter.

Now other objects in the lab begin to rattle too. Glass jars CLANK against one another, books start to drop off the shelves, a stool shudders across the floor.

KELLY
What's going on?!

Now, above them, the rotting wooden roof of the building starts to actually tear away, chunks of moldy timber flying up into the night. They look up, a deafening ROAR fills the room --

-- and a helicopter's searchlight floods in!

As the chopper dips lower, looking for a place to land, the violent prop wash rips away huge chunks of the roof over their heads.

164 INT HELICOPTER NIGHT 164

Up above the operations building, the helicopter circles. The roof of the building is all arches and rotten timber, impossible to land upon. Below, the PILOTS see the SURVIVORS through the torn roof of the building. They wave frantically, their flashlight beams piercing the night sky.

PILOT
There they are!

The Co-Pilot scans the street below, but it's choked with overturned cars and fallen trees.

CO-PILOT
No LZ in the street, too much debris!

PILOT
Check the other buildings!

The Co-Pilot nods and they peel off, swooping over the rest of the village.

At the far end of the street, the Co-Pilot brings the searchlight to bear on the large, flat roof of a three story building.

The Pilot gives him a thumbs-up.

165 EXT MAIN STREET NIGHT 165

MALCOLM, SARAH, KELLY, NICK, and finally DR. JUTTSON run out the front of the operations building. At the end of the street, they can see the helicopter as it descends slowly over the building, to land on its roof.

MALCOLM
There it is!

Happily, they double-time it down the street, headed for the chopper. Nick swings his camera onto his shoulder and starts shooting the rest of the group as they run ahead of him and Dr. Juttson. They've only got a hundred yards to cover, then ninety, then eighty, then seventy, and then --

-- a VELOCIRAPTOR jumps lightly onto a fallen tree trunk behind them.

Unaware, they continue to trot toward the building.

The raptor crouches and SNARLS, but the sound is lost under the WHINE of the helicopter's engines. It springs, covering the distance between them quickly.

The animal SLAMS into JUTTSON, the last person in the group, and takes him down. Juttson is thrown forward, into the others, who fall like dominoes.

Juttson SCREAMS, his voice an unnatural, high-pitched SQUEAL, as the raptor flips him over and lowers its jaws into him.

Sarah looks up, panicked. Her eyes widen at the sight of a SECOND RAPTOR, this one running straight at her at top speed.

She buries her face in the dirt, covering her head with her hands --

-- and the raptor's foot SLAMS into the ground between her legs as it bounds over her and dives onto Juttson, joining the first raptor in the kill.

Panicked, the group scatters in all directions. Kelly jumps up and scrambles into the middle of the street, where she hits the dirt and crawls under a fallen shed in the middle of the road.

Sarah rolls onto her feet and sprints toward the building nearest her.

Behind her, a THIRD RAPTOR gives chase, bounding after her with horrifying speed. Sarah runs flat-out, but her speed is nothing compared to the raptor's, which gains on her rapidly.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: 165

The walls of a structure of some kind close in around Sarah, and as she leaps across a leather seat and SLAMS a door behind her, we realize she's crawled into the back seat of an abandoned car.

But the car door is thin protection against the charging raptor, which SLAMS into the window, head first. The window spiderwebs, but does not yield. The raptor crumples to the ground.

Sarah looks up, through a three inch hole in the middle of the web. The raptor leaps back to its feet and plunges its nose into the tiny hole, thrashing, widening it.

Sarah SCREAMS and the animal forces its entire head through the hole, SNAPPING its jaws just short of her face. She hurls herself over the seat and into the front as the animal penetrates even further into the car, but its torso will not fit through the window opening. It pulls away.

In the front seat, Sarah gets some very bad news.

There's no windshield.

The raptor springs up onto the hood, its claws CLATTERING on the sheet metal, and tosses its body through the opening --

-- just as Sarah hurls herself out the door. While the raptor struggles to right itself in the front seat, Sarah runs to the nearest building, ducks inside, and SLAMS the heavy wooden door.

CUT TO:

166 EXT GAS STATION NIGHT 166

MALCOLM races between the idled gas pumps and into the gas station building, closing the door behind him. A moment later, a raptor bounds after him, SLAMMING into the door.

Meeting resistance, it bounces off, notices the plate glass window next to the door, and pounces at that. The window SHATTERS and the raptor clings to the ledge, staring inside, its tail hanging out.

Just as it gets inside, Malcolm opens the door and comes back out, keeping the piece of wall between them. He pulls the Lindstradt rifle off his back and tries to take aim --

-- but the raptor whirls and springs, forcing him back inside, through the door again.

Willing to play along, the raptor turns and jumps through the window again.

167 INT GAS STATION NIGHT 167

Balancing on the window frame, the raptor HISSES and crouches, ready to spring at Malcolm. Malcolm takes cover behind the door, which is hanging open between them. He raises the Lindstradt rifle.

The raptor springs into the door, BLASTING it off its hinges, knocking Malcolm right through a window behind him.

But the door SMACKS up against the wall, covering the window, preventing the raptor from following Malcolm out that way.

For the moment.

168 EXT GAS STATION NIGHT 168

Malcolm flies through the window and CRUNCHES to the ground. He GROANS in agony, rolls off his bad leg, which is twisted unnaturally beneath him, and claws in the mud for the gun.

Inside the gas station, the raptor CRUNCHES the door out of its way and springs through the window. It flies through the air --

-- Malcolm brings the gun around toward it --

-- and it lands, its weight CRUSHING Malcolm into the mud.

But the gun barrel now stands between them. The raptor CHOMPS down hard on the barrel, its teeth GRINDING on the metal, and SNAPS its head, to tear it from Malcolm's hands.

Malcolm pulls the trigger. The raptor's eyes pop wide as the dart SLAMS into the back of its throat.

It convulves violently and rolls off of Malcolm, yanking the gun from his hands as it falls and dies.

Malcolm gets to his knees and crawls toward it, reaching for the gun --

-- but ROUGH HANDS reach down, grab him by the shirt, and haul him to his feet. NICK stands over him.

MALCOLM

The gun!

NICK

RUN!

He drags Malcolm violently away, just as ANOTHER RAPTOR bounds across the street and lands on the dying one, sinking its teeth into its fellow carnivore.

In the commotion, the duffel bag of videotapes slips off Nick's shoulder and lands in the street.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 168

Nick doesn't notice it, but Malcolm does, pulling free and limping back toward it.

NICK (cont'd)
Come ON!

MALCOLM
Not without the tapes!

He snatches it up and they race off, down the street.

CUT TO:

169 INT KILN HOUSE NIGHT 169

High above SARAH, we see she is standing in a three story kiln house, a windowless shed used for firing pottery and other construction projects. Catwalks lined with heavy chains hang above her, and on the floor below, she turns in circles, wondering what to do now.

From outside the kiln house, she hears SCRATCHING, digging sounds. She turns to one wall, the source of the sounds. From the other side there comes an animal SNORT, and a small puff of dust and dirt billows up.

170 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, 170

the claws of one of the raptors dig furiously, trying to tunnel under the wall.

171 INSIDE, 171

Sarah gets the picture and races to the door she came in through. She peers outside, through the space between two boards --

SARAH
Damn it!

-- but doesn't like what she sees outside. She runs to a third wall, falls to her knees, and starts digging a tunnel of her own, clawing frantically at the dirt.

Behind her, the raptor's digging violently, and a rack full of hanging tools sways and CLANKS as it tears at the earth below it.

Sarah digs faster. So does the raptor.

With about eight inches of space under the wall, Sarah grabs hold of the bottom of one of the planks and pries it up as hard as she can. It snaps off with a loud CRACK.

171 CONTINUED: 171

On the other side of the room, the raptor stops digging. It's silent for a moment.

Sarah has a good foot and a half of space under her wall now. She starts to lower her body into it --

-- JUST AS THE RAPTOR'S CLAWS FLASH THROUGH FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

Sarah falls back, SCREAMING, leaps to her feet, and jumps up, grabbing hold of one of the catwalks above. She starts to climb, up, anywhere up, as the RAPTOR now squirms and thrashes its way inside, coming in through her hole.

Sarah climbs, hauling herself up, leaping from one catwalk to another.

The raptor leaps up onto a catwalk as well and follows her.

172 EXT KILN HOUSE NIGHT 172

A window in the slanted roof of the kiln house EXPLODES in a shower of glass as SARAH kicks through it and climbs outside.

173 EXT MAIN STREET NIGHT 173

NICK drags a badly limping MALCOLM down the main street. They can see the helicopter at the far end, engine ROARING and searchlight playing over them as they draw closer. They approach a rusted, abandoned pickup in the middle of the street --

-- and a RAPTOR leaps on top of it. Its claws CLACK on the roof as it goes into its pre-attack crouch.

They don't stick around to negotiate. Nick hauls Malcolm off into the nearest building.

174 INT WORKER HOTEL NIGHT 174

NICK and MALCOLM hurry inside and SLAM the door behind them. They look around. They're standing in the lobby of a hotel of some kind, probably used for overnight guests and day workers who had to spend the night. The rooms and staircase wind around a large, open-aired central area four stories tall.

NICK
We'll have to head for the roof.

MALCOLM
Where's Kelly?

NICK
She's with Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: 174

The raptor outside SLAMS its body into the door, which GROANS on its hinges.

MALCOLM
You're sure?

CUT TO:

175 EXT MAIN STREET NIGHT 175

KELLY remains huddled under the fallen shed, trembling with fear. She holds her breath and freezes, as just outside, only two feet from where she's hiding --

-- a RAPTOR'S FEET pick their way past her, down the middle of the street.

Kelly closes her eyes and suppresses a scream.

CUT TO:

176 INT HOTEL NIGHT 176

Behind a bar in one corner of the hotel lobby, MALCOLM grabs an armload of booze bottles. Outside, the raptor SLAMS into the door again. It begins to splinter.

NICK, already on the stairs, SHOUTS to him.

NICK
Let's GO, Malcolm, UP!

Malcolm hurries after him and starts up the stairs too, headed for the roof.

177 ON A LANDING, 177

they stop and look down, breathless. In the lobby three stories below, they hear the door finally wrenched off its hinges and the shadow of a velociraptor falls across the floor.

The ROAR of the helicopter is louder up here, maybe only one or two buildings away. Nick keeps going, but Malcolm stops and hurls one of the booze bottles down on the landing, SMASHING it, spilling eighty proof everywhere.

SMASH! Malcolm hurls the others onto the landing and pulls out a Zippo.

NICK
MALCOLM, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, COME-

With one long SCRAPE along the railing, Malcolm lights the Zippo and tosses it into the puddle of oozing booze, which ignites with a soft WHOOMP, throwing up a wall of flame at the top of the stairs.

178 EXT ROOFTOP NIGHT 178

NICK and MALCOLM burst out onto the roof of the now-burning hotel and SLAM the door behind them. Nick finds a two by four and wedges it in front of the door to block it.

The helicopter is now only three rooftops away. They turn and head for it, Nick in the lead. He leaps easily over a four foot gap between the roof of the hotel and the next building.

Malcolm limps over to it. Leaping won't come quite as easily for him. He pauses.

Behind him, there is an incredible sound, a combination of a ROAR and a SCREAM --

-- and a flaming velociraptor SMASHES through the wall of the hotel!

It tumbles toward Malcolm, a mass of flame, claws, and teeth. Malcolm summons his strength and flings his injured body over the gap between the buildings, landing on the far side with a painful CRUNCH.

The burning raptor tries the leap too, but it falls short, its blackening claws clinging to the edge of the far building for a split-second before it slips away and falls, landing three stories below in a burst of SCREAMING flame.

CUT TO:

179 EXT KILN HOUSE ROOF NIGHT 179

SARAH's got problems of her own. Still on top of the kiln house, she reaches the edge and pushes off one foot, leaping to the roof of the next building.

She lands at the peak of the intersection of the two sides of sloping roof. As she pulls herself up --

-- a RAPTOR appears on the rooftop behind her. In full stride, it leaps, sails over her, and lands on the roof ahead of her.

Sarah swings to her left and starts to crawl down the slope, away from the raptor. Suddenly the roof board undre her SPLINTERS and CRACKS under her weight. The whole section pulls up and starts to slide off the roof. Sarah, clinging to it, rides the roof planks down, away from the raptor. She looks over her shoulder, down --

-- and sees ANOTHER RAPTOR, waiting for her on the roof of the building below.

Sarah quickly rolls off the sliding section of roof, which keeps sliding, falling. The raptor below jumps up, just in time to get WHACKED in the head by the falling roof section.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

Sarah tries to cling to the Spanish tile roof, fingers and nails slipping on the slick ceramic surface. She slides all the way to the edge, grabs hold of the gutter, and dangles there, suspended above one raptor and trapped below another.

The raptor above works its way down. The one below leaps up, at her dangling legs. She has to lift them in time with its jumps, to avoid losing her feet. This can't go on for long.

Desperate, she pulls one of the Spanish tiles up from the roof and hurls it at the raptor below. It hits the animal in the head, for all the good that does.

But Sarah keeps on, pulling and throwing more tiles. She edges to the right, toward a fresh supply.

The raptor above edges even closer, claws CLICKING on the slick roof.

Something interesting is happening. As Sarah pulls the loose tiles free, the ones above slide down, to take their place. Sarah sees this and pulls more free, knocking them out of the way as fast as she can.

Suddenly an avalanche of loose tiles breaks loose and the footing underneath the raptor above disintegrates. The animal's feet flail and grasp, it slides towards the edge amid the tumbling tiles.

Sarah, seeing it coming, swings in close to the building, hugging it as closely as she can. The raptor falls off the roof, right past her --

-- and CRUNCHES into the raptor below. Both animals SNARL and attack one another.

Now Sarah, her grip exhausted, falls too, landing right next to the enraged animals. They fight and roll, RIGHT OVER HER. She GROANS and hugs the wood below her, the raptors continue to thrash and bite, they roll back, toward her, she rolls out of their way --

-- and plunges through a hole in the roof.

180 INT LAB NIGHT 180

Sarah falls through the roof of a deserted laboratory and lands in the tray of an old-fashioned hanging fluorescent light fixture.

One end of the fixture's support SNAPS, it drops at a 45 degree angle, Sarah slides out the other end and CRASHES through a window.

181 EXT STREET NIGHT 181

Sarah lands in the mud in the street below.

CUT TO:

182 EXT ROOFTOP NIGHT 182

Now just one building away from where the helicopter has landed, NICK and MALCOLM reach a gap that is too broad to jump.

MALCOLM
It's too wide!

Nick looks around, frantic. A fallen pole for power lines leans against the building they're standing on, its lines gone slack. Nick gets an idea.

NICK
Help me push this!

Malcolm looks at the power lines and understands. He and Nick throw a shoulder into the pole and give it a mighty push, tipping it over in the other direction. One good hard shove and it falls to the far building, THUDDING against it solidly.

Its power lines are now taut, a lifeline from this rooftop to the next. Nick grabs hold and starts to pull himself across the gap, hand over hand.

183 EXT BETWEEN TWO BUILDINGS NIGHT 183

In the main street, a velociraptor looks up at NICK as he dangles between the two buildings.

CUT TO:

184 EXT MAIN STREET NIGHT 184

SARAH sprints down the main street as fast as she can, toward the building on which sits the helicopter. Above her, she can see NICK is now urging on MALCOLM, who's pulling himself across the gap.

She reaches the fallen water tower, which is next to the helicopter building, and starts to climb it.

185 ELSEWHERE IN THE STREET, 185

KELLY is still cowering underneath the fallen shed. In the distance, she can see the helicopter and the PEOPLE standing near it.

Trembling with fear, she counts to herself.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: 185

KELLY
One . . . two . . . three!

But she doesn't move.

KELLY (cont'd)
Okay, this time, this time.

She closes her eyes.

KELLY (cont'd)
One. Two. **THREE**!

She darts out from under the shed, into the street.

186 ON THE WATER TOWER, 186

Sarah climbs the wooden structure as fast as she can, moving up through the broken slats quickly.

187 ON THE ROOFTOP, 187

Nick and Malcolm, both over the gap now, race over to the helicopter. The CO-PILOT throws open the doors and they race inside.

Sarah emerges at the top of the water tower structure and leaps onto the roof.

MALCOLM
Sarah!

He reaches out and helps her aboard the helicopter. They look at each other and speak at the same time.

SARAH	MALCOLM
Where's Kelly?	Where's Kelly?

Eyes wide with panic, they both turn and look down at the street below, where they see KELLY, racing at top speed down the middle of the street --

-- WITH A VELOCIRAPTOR CHASING HER.

188 DOWN IN THE STREET, 188

Kelly has a twenty yard advantage on the animal. She's fast, but it's faster.

Above her, she can see the three of them, now at the edge of the roof, SHOUTING and urging her on. She pushes it, faster.

She reaches the base of the fallen water tower, a jumble of struts and metal poles. She jumps up, onto a fallen board that leans over a barrel. She runs along the length of it --

(CONTINUED)

-- the raptor springs and lands on the other end --

-- and the board catapults Kelly up, onto the water tower, where she grabs hold of a bar. A moment later the raptor springs again and lands on the same bar, clinging to it with its forelimbs.

Kelly swings once and releases, sailing ahead, toward the next bar. She catches it with one hand and keeps her momentum going, swinging ahead to the next bar.

In this way, she climbs up the spidery scaffolding. But the raptor follows, clawing its own way up the bars right along with her.

Near the top, Kelly has to run the balance beam, a narrow strut that angles up toward the roof of the building the helicopter's on.

The raptor, still behind her, does the same.

But the beam runs out about ten feet from the roof of the building. With the raptor closing, Kelly leaps up and grabs hold of a pipe hanging over head. She swings forward, then back, then forward --

-- the raptor springs, right at her --

-- and Kelly swings OVER THE TOP of the bar as the raptor passes under her.

She comes flying down, behind the raptor now, and lifts her feet, SLAMMING both of them squarely into the raptor's spine, sending it hurtling into space.

She lets go and sails over the gap, landing on the roof of the helicopter building as the raptor SMASHES to the ground below.

She races across the roof and into Sarah's arms.

SARAH
Thank God . . . thank God.

The PILOT SHOUTS from the chopper.

PILOT
LET'S GO LET'S GO LET'S GO!!

Sarah and Kelly join Nick and Malcolm in the back of the helicopter, where the cargo doors on both sides are hanging open. The engine WHINES and the chopper starts to vibrate as the Pilot prepares to take off.

But at the edge of the roof, a RAPTOR claws its way over to the top.

188 CONTINUED: 2 188

Malcolm grabs hold of the cargo door on that side and gives it a vicious tug. The raptor springs, and Malcolm SLAMS the door on the animal's head!

Half inside, the raptor bites and thrashes, its jaws close around anything they can find, and it sinks its teeth into --

-- the bag of videotapes.

Malcolm strains to hold onto the tapes, but now he's inadvertantly holding the animal on board as the helicopter starts to rise. The bag begins to TEAR.

SARAH
IAN! LET GO!

Malcolm is forced to let go of the bag, and the raptor falls out of the helicopter with it still in its teeth.

The sudden loss of weight on the right side causes the left side of the chopper to dip violently.

Kelly, knocked off balance, TUMBLES OUT THE OTHER DOOR!

She lands on the roof of the building. In that brief moment, she notices two strange things under the helicopter. First, the roof of this building is covered with carefully placed bits of straw. Second, there are about a dozen large oval shapes bunched together under the chopper.

She has time to consider neither of these oddities, as the raptor's feet are moving, quickly, around the front of the helicopter.

SARAH
KELLY! GRAB MY HAND!

She leans out of the chopper and Kelly grabs her hand. The raptor rounds the chopper to Kelly's side. Sarah pulls Kelly to a standing position, but the raptor SPRINGS!

Sarah and Kelly freeze in terror, nowhere to run or hide, the raptor is ten feet away, then five, they're surely done for this time --

-- **KA-BOOM!**

There comes the loudest single gunshot anyone has ever heard, and the raptor flies off its feet and lands ten feet across the roof, dead. They all look up, to the source of the gunshot.

It's ROLAND, standing at the edge of the roof, holding his smoking .600 Nitro Express.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 3 188

ROLAND

GET IN!

Sarah pulls Kelly up with one mighty tug. Roland bounds across the roof, swings up into the belly of the helicopter, and it lifts off, straight up into the night air.

As it rises, the skids move past us, and we notice something funny. They're dripping with a yellowy, viscous substance of some kind.

Yolk.

And the straw and oblong shapes, when seen from twenty feet above, is an enormous bird's nest of some kind, with a dozen eggs bunched in the center, some broken, some intact.

189 INT HELICOPTER NIGHT 189

Malcolm stares down, out the window. He doesn't seem to notice the nest, as he's staring down at the torn bag of videotapes.

Another velociraptor has reached the roof and has a hold of the bag, RIPPING and TEARING at the strange cassette cases. The videotape reels out crazily, long blowing tails in the wind.

Malcolm sighs deeply and hangs his head. Sarah puts an arm around him comfortingly. He looks up, at her.

190 EXT SKY NIGHT 190

The helicopter rises up over the island. Strange shadow shapes move in the distance, between the night clouds. One of the shadows swoops closer, passes over the helicopter, then zips right out in front of us.

OH, CHRIST, IT'S A PTERANODON.

Yep, flying dinosaur. Twenty-two foot wingspread, brilliant blue crest extending two feet behind its long, saber-like beak, the pteranodon banks in front of the moon. The moonlight silhouettes it, shining right through its membraneous wings, lighting it up like a Halloween skeleton.

191 IN THE HELICOPTER, 191

the PILOTS gape as the pteranodon coasts along, right next to the cockpit. They hear a hideous SCREECH and turn the other way.

A SECOND PTERANODON pulls up along the other side.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: 191

PILOT
What in the name of-

The helicopter suddenly lurches, as if grabbed by something.

192 IN THE SKY, 192

the two pteranodons have a grip on the skids of the chopper, each holding one in its long beak.

193 INSIDE, 193

the passengers are tossed back and forth as the helicopter pitches.

In the cockpit, the Pilots watch in horror as one of the pteranodons banks around in front of them, flies straight at the windshield --

-- and smashes through, driving its razor-sharp beak right through the midsection of the Co-Pilot.

He doesn't even have time to scream before the pteranodon pulls him out, flips him up in the air, and clamps its jaws down on him.

194 IN THE NIGHT SKY, 194

the pteranodon with the Co-Pilot drops away, off toward its nest with its prey. The second pteranodon lets go of the skid and circles around, to try and pick off another morsel.

195 IN THE HELICOPTER, 195

panic reigns as the pteranodon pulls up alongside and SCREECHES at the passengers within. Nick leaps to his feet, runs into the cockpit, grabs hold of the Pilot's stick --

PILOT
HEY!

-- and shoves it sharply off to the right.

196 IN THE NIGHT SKY, 196

the helicopter dips hard to the right and its whirling propellers make mincemeat of the flying dinosaur.

197 IN THE HELICOPTER, 197

the survivors are bouncing off the walls as the Pilot struggles to regain control of his wildly pitching aircraft.

He fights the stick as hard as he can, but they're losing altitude fast, the jungle canopy rising up at them.

197 CONTINUED: 197

They dip even lower, they scrape the treetops, palm fronds SLAP at the windows of the chopper --

-- and finally the Pilot gains control, hauling back on the stick and pulling them up, up, and away from the trees below.

198 IN THE NIGHT SKY 198

over the island, the helicopter steadily gains altitude. A hundred feet. Three hundred. A thousand.

As they rise into the air, the tiny green island melts away into the vastness of the wine-dark sea.

CUT TO:

199 EXT TYRANNOSAUR NEST NIGHT 199

Elsewhere in the forest, it's not such a happy story. PETER LUDLOW, still alive, drops through the air and CRUNCHES to the muddy ground. Dizzy, bleeding, the breath knocked out of him, he opens his eyes and sees a sloping bank of dried mud.

From behind him, he hears a CHIRPING sound. He turns.

He's in the tyrannosaur nest.

The BABY TYRANNOSAUR faces him, still with a strange aluminum-foil cast on its leg. The baby SQUEAKS with excitement as it toddles toward him.

Ludlow scrambles to his feet, unsure what to do. The adult TYRANNOSAUR stands outside the nest, staring down at him. The baby runs toward Ludlow, so he turns and runs away.

But in an instant, the big adult brings its head down, knocking Ludlow to the ground. Then it raises its head again. Watching. Waiting.

Ludlow gets up again and tries to run, but the rex strikes quickly, knocking him over again.

Now Ludlow starts to crawl away, on all fours. Behind him, the adult tyrannosaur bends down and closes its jaws around one of his legs, holding it tightly. Ludlow SCREAMS --

-- and the rex bites down decisively. The bone breaks with a dry SNAP. Ludlow HOWLS in pain, unable to move, and the baby toddles forward eagerly. He can only stare as it leaps up, onto its chest, and opens its jaws wide.

Peter Ludlow SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

200 EXT CEMETERY DAY 200

Snow falls in a gray midwinter sky. In a cemetery, a group of fifty MOURNERS are grouped around a gravesite next to a coffin that is festooned with cascades of flowers. On a table, there is an array of framed photographs --

-- of JOHN HAMMOND. A MINISTER reads from the Bible while the Mourners wipe away tears. IAN MALCOLM stands a respectful distance from the group. His face is blank, tired, his sunburn out of place with the white winter setting around him.

At the graveside, a YOUNG WOMAN turns, looking back over her shoulder. About sixteen, she's lovely, with long blonde hair and an honest, open face. She notices Malcolm, recognizes him.

And she smiles. She nudges a YOUNG MAN next to her, about thirteen years old, and nods over at Malcolm. The Young Man turns and breaks into a smile that is just as welcoming.

As the ceremony breaks up, they walk over to him.

MALCOLM
Hello, Lex. Tim.

LEX stands on her tiptoes and kisses Malcolm on the cheek. TIM extends a hand and Malcolm shakes it.

TIM
I'm glad you came, Dr. Malcolm.

MALCOLM
I'm sorry. About your grandfather.

TIM
Thank you.

LEX
We were going to call you, in a few days. Tim and I have been thinking, and we've decided we want people to know about the island. About what we all saw.

TIM
We think it's something our grandfather would want us to do.

Pause.

MALCOLM
Why?

LEX
Because it's true.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: 200

Malcolm looks at her for a long moment.

MALCOLM
I know. But even if we're the only ones who know, it'll still be true.

Tim and Lex look at each other.

LEX
But -- it was real. You can't let people go on saying it's not.

MALCOLM
That's the thing about reality. Even when people stop believing in it, it just doesn't go away.

201 EXT JUNGLE DAY 201

Back on Isla Sorna, we float over the deserted worker village, moving lightly, as in a dream. MALCOLM'S VOICE continues over.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Do you feel the cold wind blowing on your face? That's real.

We swoop low, landing on the roof the helicopter took off from, now carefully rebuilt with straw and scrap and a dozen unblemished eggs in the middle of it.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Do you see the three of us, standing here together, alive? That's real.

The surviving PTERANODON lands gently on the nest. Ever so carefully, it positions itself over the eggs, lowers itself to roosting position, and folds its giant wings around its body.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
And maybe that's all that matters.

The magnificent animal raises its head, opens its beak, and SQUAWKS approvingly up at the heavens.

FADE OUT.